JUKE

JANUARY 21, 1976, No. 37. 40 CENTS

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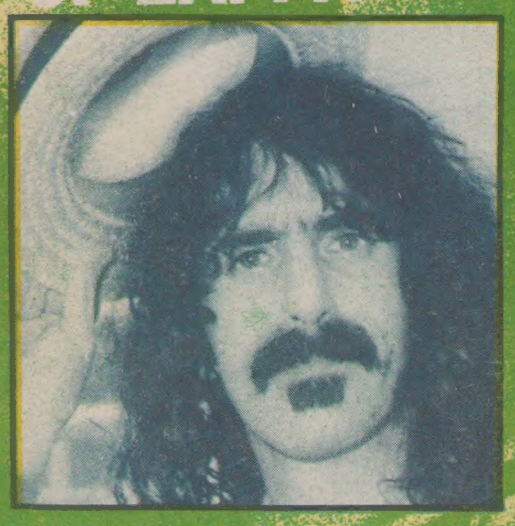
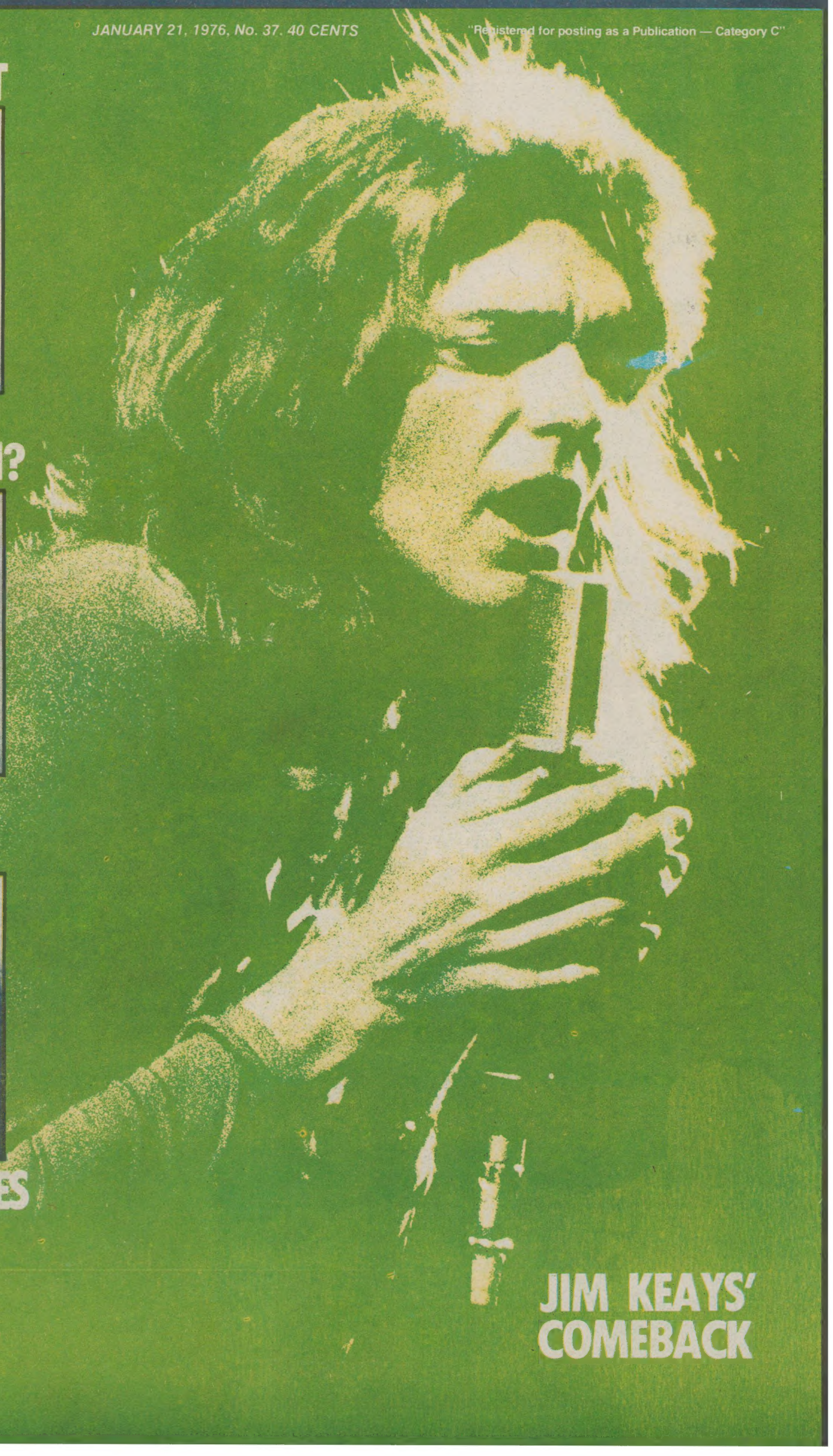
WHY CLIVE LEFT SHERBERT

DR. PEPPER'S LAST COLUMN?

CHEAP SIDE OF ZAPPA



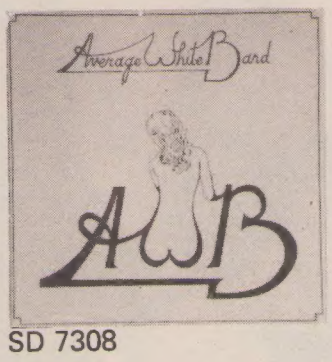
EAGLES/DOOBIES



JIM KEAYS' COMEBACK

Average White Band

AWB



SD 7308

1976 AUSTRALIAN TOUR

PERTH	Entertainment Centre	January 12
ADELAIDE	Apollo Stadium	January 14
MELBOURNE	Festival Hall	January 15 & 16
SYDNEY	Hordern Pavillion	January 17 & 19
BRISBANE	Festival Hall	January 22

SD 18140

ON ATLANTIC RECORDS AND TAPES

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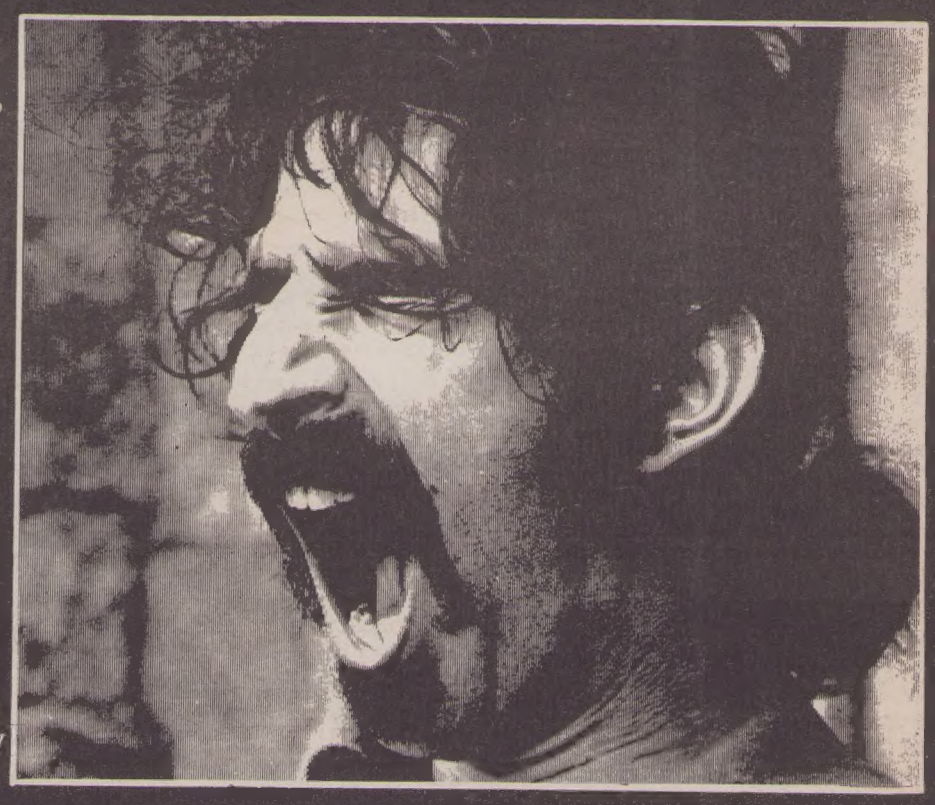
FRANK ZAPPA
and the Mothers of Invention



1976 AUSTRALIAN TOUR

Sydney	Hordern Pavillion	Tues. 20th January
Melbourne	Festival Hall	Thurs. 22nd January
Adelaide	Apollo Stadium	Sunday 25th January
Perth	W.A.C.A. Ground	Wed. 28th January

One Size Fits All
DS 2216

Roxy & Elsewhere
2DS 2202

Bongo Fury
DS 2234

Waka Jawaka/Hot Rats	MS 2094
Chunga's Revenge	MS 2030
Hot Rats	RS 6356
Apostrophe	DS 2175
Overnight Sensation	MS 2149
Just Another Band From L.A.	MS 2075
The Grand Wazoo	MS 2093
Live at Filmore East	MS 2042
Weasils Ripped My Flesh	MS 2028
Uncle Meat	2MS 2024
Burnt Weeny Sandwich	RS 6370

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ROCK'N'ROLL NEWS

CLIVE HAS LEFT SHERBERT

Juke's Dennis Charter finds out why

Clive Shakespeare, songwriter, guitarist and co-producer with Sherbet since the group's inception seven years ago has announced his shock departure from the band. He was the one original member remaining in the group who initially worked as 'Sherbet', and who have since, with the addition of vocalist Daryl Braithwaite five years ago, become the most financially successful and popular pop group in Australian music history.

At a meeting held the day before the commencement of Sherbet's current Queensland tour, Clive made his intentions of leaving known to the rest of Sherbet and manager Roger Davies. Two days later, the event, not unexpectedly was national headlines.

In a press release quickly issued by Roger Davies, it was emphasised that Clive's departure was one of mutual agreement, caused by personal and musical differences, but insisting that there is no hard feeling between Clive and the remaining Sherbets. The press statement concludes that the departure ensures Sherbet's positive outlook towards the future, and outlined the fact that the band must now move on to greater things.

What more can a press release at such a time say?

When we phone the touring Sherbet in Casino Queensland, Roger Davies and Daryl Braithwaite expressed to our Dennis Charter their views on the reasons behind Clive's decision, and thought on the direction Sherbet must now follow.

Clive Shakespeare in the meantime had escaped the prying eyes and ears of the press by disappearing to a secluded spot on the coast of New South Wales for two weeks to consider his immediate future.

Both Roger Davies and Daryl Braithwaite agreed that Clive's decision was based on his frustration with having toured Australia heavily for the past eight years, a frustration they'd long been aware of. Clive's eventual departure was no shock to them. It had been on the way for some time. This frustration was added to by Clive's desire to pursue a different musical direction to that being followed by the band.

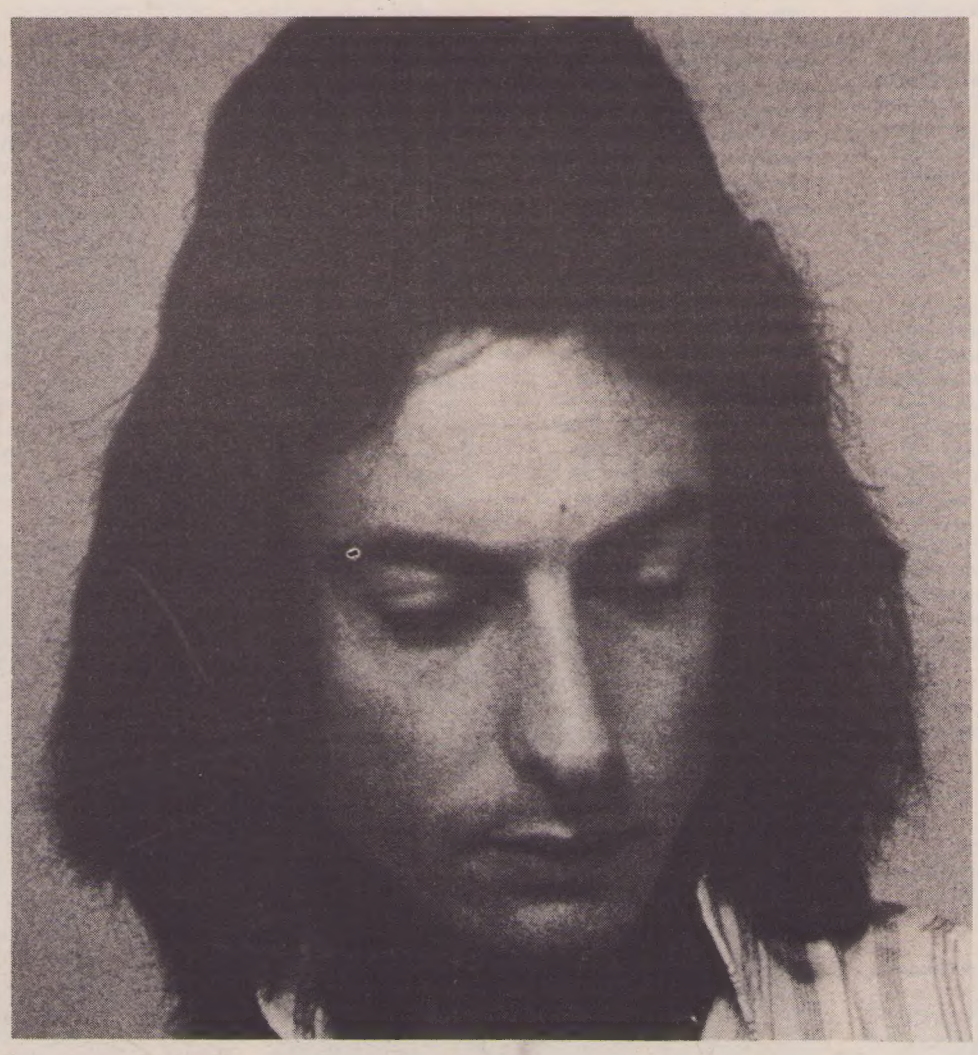
Already Clive has become increasingly more involved in recording studios, production and lone songwriting.

"Clive works best and is happiest in, or associated with, a studio environment," comments Daryl.

In fact, the parting of the ways has been brewing for some twelve months or more. There was one point of time, closely guarded by the band, when Clive had wanted to leave and the other members of the band had become so affected by his indecision that they'd started thinking of a replacement with the view of actually asking Clive to leave before he left them. But at that point the decision was resolved to everyone's satisfaction and the band came away more united than they'd been in a long long time, and more determined still to see the future through.

The guitarist that Sherbet were rumored to have considered was then leading the La De Das, Kevin Borich.

Sherbet manager Roger Davies dispelled any thought that the group would now go through with that original band, and this time approach Borich. Roger said that Kevin had his own band which Clive Shakespeare himself would be producing on record.



For the present, to carry them through their tour, Sherbet are using guitarist Gunther Gorman (ex-Home, ex-Daddy Cool) as a replacement for Clive, but this will only be until February 5th, when Gunther has to return to his commitment as Richard Clapton's musical director. Roger Davies explained to Juke that they will not be rushing into finding a replacement for Clive, and will be spending time making sure they find the right person.

Roger and Daryl told Dennis Charter that they considered Clive's absence would actually unite the remaining members as a strong writing influence. We have yet to see of course whether this is pure hopeful optimism on their part since Clive has played such a large role in the group's songwriting.

Roger and daryl based their opinion on the 'Life' album, which removed some of the emphasis on Clive's songwriting with Gart Porter. There were songwriting contributions from all members of Sherbet, and it's to a greater involvement by the others which Sherbet will now stress.

Sherbet consider Clive's departure as the best move for all concerned, because of the new incentives it offered, and perhaps even a 'lifesaver' for Sherbet themselves, giving them another challenge to overcome.

"If Sherbet had stayed together as the original line-up, then the group would have broken up completely within three months," comments Daryl. "We were thinking and moving in completely different directions to what Clive was and the result had been an ever increasing lack of communication. The split was inevitable."

Daryl adds however that the whole affair does have its sad aspects, since Clive was the one original member and had been in the group for seven years.

There was some speculation whether Clive would remain connected with the group in a songwriting and production capacity, but because of tour commitments and Clive's unavailability at present, it has been impossible to discuss any such compromise. Clive had to get away. And the Sherbs had to get back on that road.

Roger Davies does not expect Clive's departure to affect any overseas plans, since he is still considering the offers in hand. But this may again be gross optimism on his and the band's part, because overseas record companies are obviously going to treat the band with new caution, now that they've lost one of their principle members. Daddy Cool found this when they tried to interest America in their changing line-ups.

It obviously depends on how Sherbet fill the vacancy, and whether Clive in fact will take a non-performing role.

Meanwhile the Sherbs continue to move from strength to strength. In Perth they've outsold the Eagles, Santana, Doodie Brothers, Average White Band, Frank Zappa and all the rest of the visitors. They will be releasing a new single called 'Child's Play' shortly, and at the end of this present national tour will be taking another three months off to record a new album.

And they are closely watching Skyhooks' progress in America. Said Daryl: "If Skyhooks make it in the States, then the whole world will be open to Australians and we may then be able to retrieve some of the money that's been taken out."

Expo latest

The 3XY Battle of the Bands is already underway and moving through the preliminary finals at the time of press.

Concerts one and two have already been judged, results of which will be announced in this column in the next issue of Juke.

Concert Three — 21/1/76. Box Hill Town Hall 2.00 — 6.00 p.m.

COMPETITORS

PYLON — Carey Grammar
METAMORPHIS — Wesley College
LAZER — Glen Waverley High
ARCTIC MYTH — Camberwell Grammar
SAVAGE — Richmond High School
DUTCH COURAGE — Monterey High
DIMENSIONS — Marciano
LAZY — Glen Waverley High

GUEST ARTISTS

BIGGLES
FREEWAY
JIM KEAYS — SOUTHERN CROSS

Concert Four — 22/1/76. Broadmeadows Town Hall 2.00-6.00 p.m.

COMPETITORS

SKAN — Upfield High
CONNECTION — Fawkner High
CELESTIAL MUSIC INC. — Preston Tech
THIRD EARTH — Norwood High
FAZE FORE — Thomastown High
FREELOADER — Reservoir High
BOMMASOUND — St. Dominics, Broadmeadows
SATAN BLUE — Broadmeadows Tech.

GUEST ARTISTS

JETS
STYLUS
JIM KEAYS — SOUTHERN CROSS

Concert Five 23/1/76. Springvale Town Hall 2.00-6.00 p.m.

MIX REVIVAL — Salesian College, Chadstone
APOCALYPSE — Huntingdale High, Dandenong
ITCH — Cleeland High, Dandenong
KARLYLE — Footscray High School
PHRAJILE — Glenroy High
LIMELIGHT — Sandringham Tech.
ARC — Camberwell Boys Grammar
ROCK BOTTOM — Scotch College

GUEST ARTISTS

KEYSTONE ANGELS
JIM KEAYS — SOUTHERN CROSS
LITTLE RIVER BAND

3XY Jock, Lee Simon, will be comparing all Town Hall shows. A complete set of Jenetics, supplied by Colonials Jeans will be given away to a male and female at each show, along with records, posters etc.

All concerts only a buck to get in.

Prizes for place getters in the battle of the bands.

Nova Sound six channel P.A. system, complete with microphones.

A recording contract supplied by Mushroom Records.

A Phil Manning standard Maton guitar.

Complete full kit of drums supplied by Billy Hyde Drum Clinic.

The winning three bands get appearances on Countdown.

$2000 worth of work from the Joseph/Finch Hotel Circuit.

The 10 bands making it to the semi finals are completely outfitted by Colonials.

THE 3XY — EXPO SKATEBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS

The preliminary finals of the Skateboard Championships were held at the Southland Shopping Centre on Jan. 17 and 18. Those who qualified now enter the Expo Championships being held at the Exhibition buildings in the Western Annexe on Friday 30th January.

Reports from EXPO can be followed next week in this column.

Marcia

MARCIA HINES has been seen around town quite frequently in the last two weeks, it seems as if the Lady has taken a liking to our beautiful City, strange thing is though — her escort never changes.

The DALY WILSON BIG BAND Album (on W.E.A.) has just been released, and is selling exceptionally well.

Congratulations should be extended to CHRIS GILBY of ALBERTS (P.R. man) for his efforts regarding JOHN PAUL YOUNG's YESTERDAYS HERO — as it's now charting in the U.S.A. — the SPIRIT of 76.

STEVE RAWLINS (P.R. man for TEMPO) has a 14 piece band together called TRAMM — they are potentially excellent.

JULIEN BROWNING and his RAINBOW THEATRE are also a big sound (8 piece band with the vocal backing of the MELBOURNE STATE CHOIR), their first Album 'the ARMADA' is almost ready for release on 'CLEAR LIGHT OF JUPITOR'.

THE MASTER FINDS A NEW CROSS TO BEAR

Australian music is going through a curious phase.

Ten years is a long time to wait in vain for the rest of the world to take notice. That small handful who have managed to stay near the top are beginning to become a little restless, a little unsure even, wondering just what has to be done, where to turn now. A lot of good music has been written, played and sometimes recorded over that period.

But it's music lost to the world, and for the most part hidden away in the dusty lockers of small handfuls of lost adolescences.

A sign of the growing restlessness is the fact that two of our leading figures for those ten years have recently revisited their own past. First Billy Thorpe surprised his wild 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo' audience with his revival of 'Over The Rainbow'. And now Jim Keays, he of the legendary Masters Apprentices, has revived his first single, 'Undecided'.

For Jim, as with Billy, the decision to look back represents the completion of one ten year (or so) cycle, and the cautious, but unsure entry into another cycle, almost back at the beginning. Almost.

When Jim first recorded 'Undecided', the Australian pop music business was enjoying the wonderful flush of post-Beatles energy.

Everyone wanted to be in a rock band. And those who didn't actually play in one wanted to go out and be part of it, as part of an audience, to share in the excitement.

Australia had already developed its own breed of pop stars. Billy Thorpe and Ray Brown had performed the last rites of Sydney's dominance of Australian music. Then Bobby and Laurie and Normie Rowe dragged the creative centre from Sydney to Melbourne.

Soon after the Easybeats kicked up an amazing storm of popularity around the country. There were dances everywhere. Hundreds of young, hopeful bands, thousands of wildly enthusiastic fans. For just a brief happy time no-one cared that these were Australian not international acts. It was the way things should have remained. But Australia's inferiority complex slowly took over.

Today Australians are invariably looked down on by the internationally-hyped public.

Then Australians were equal to their overseas counterparts. Same equipment, Bameage, Same influences. Same wild enthusiasm.

With Sydney and Melbourne incredibly productive and active, it was only logical that the next biggest centre, Adelaide, would begin to grab its share of the action. A gradual stream of Adelaide bands began to migrate to Melbourne. First they'd win a bit of a name for themselves in their home town, and when they'd begin to outgrow Adelaide they'd journey further afield, in the hope of repeating their home success in the 'big time'.

The first migrants from Adelaide had been the Twilights, with Glenn Shorrock (now Little River Band) sharing vocals. The Twilights had already made several successful records in Adelaide. When they got to Melbourne they were just the tonic everyone needed at the time. They were just so very good on stage, and they had a particularly commercial sound.

When they left Adelaide, undesputedly that town's favourite act, the Twilights left behind them a big hole which needed to be filled.

And Jim Keays' Masters Apprentices were one of the groups who filled that hole.

Where the Twilights had been slick and smooth, very inspired by the Beatles, the Masters Apprentices were the other side of the coin, a young aggressive blues-based Rolling Stones, or perhaps more like a Kinks, when that group started. They were tough and raw and exciting.

By the time it was the Masters Apprentices turn to venture beyond Adelaide they'd recorded a few originals at a local two-track studio that had never recorded any rock and roll before. The first song released from that initial batch of Masters' masters was a little thing called 'Undecided'.

That song's unflagging will to succeed saw the Masters through their first really difficult period. The first few Masters' Apprentices consisted basically of those guys just off the streets who thought they'd like to be in a rock band. But moving to Melbourne meant an end to amateurism, and only the dedicated could survive. While the group lost and found member after member their single just refused to give up. Nine months after being a top ten item in Adelaide it did the same in Melbourne, and then, again when it looked like the record might finally be finished, it took off in Sydney and other states. It's more than probable that if it hadn't been for 'Undecided's staying power, giving the group the time and the reason to consolidate, the Masters Apprentices might have finished right there and then, rather than lasting all the years they did.

The 'first phase' Masters Apprentices enjoyed three more hit records, 'Buried and Dead', 'Living in A Child's Dream' and 'Bridger'. The only original member in the Masters which then went on to record for EMI was vocalist Jim Keays.

The 'r&b' boom was now subsiding. There was a new breed of pop music. And the Masters were able to move with it, they kept moving with it, until in the latter sixties there really wasn't anymore that the group could manage to do without stagnating. They left Australia just before the 'second generation' of groups took over, the Daddy Cools, and Spectrums, and Tamam Shuds. It would have been interesting to see how the Masters would have fared.

Apart from the album itself Jim had a whole promotion-performance scheme worked out. It made many pages of a written proposal that Jim had hawked around the record companies when he was negotiating his recording deal. He hoped that EMI would co-ordinate all their allied interests behind promoting the album. He dreamt of television ads, ads at the drive-in theatres, a full, proud campaign. But the reality was much less than the dream. "EMI got cold feet", says Jim. Perhaps because the expense of the album had frightened them.

Jim had also planned elaborate stage presentations of the album and the music, but that was proving impossible to get going. Without large amounts of money — like an advance — Jim did not have the means to put on the sort of show that he'd wanted, the sort of show audiences are used to seeing from international acts.

Meanwhile 3XY kept playing the album. It won some sales. But without that follow-up in other areas the album stood little chance. And that was only in Melbourne, Sydney refused to play the album, it was

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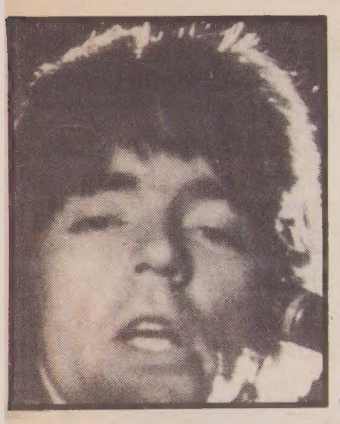


ED NIMMERVOLL RETRACES, REMEMBERS AND CATCHES UP WITH THE CAREER OF JIM KEAYS, FROM MASTER MASTERS APPRENTICE TO BOY FROM THE STARS TO A BAND CALLED SOUTHERN CROSS AND THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD MASTERS CLASSIC "UNDECIDED"

played in some other states, others ignored it.

What chance does an Australian record have?

"I think of it like a boxer. If you get in the ring and get knocked out in the first round, that's fine. As long as you've been able to get in the ring and compete, man to man. An Australian can't compete".

But Jim wasn't sour graping. Talking about the Masters and 'Boy From The Stars' was leading us to the background for Jim's present activities, heading a new group, Jim Keays' Southern Cross.

After 'Boy From The Stars' and the disappointment of that album's failure to reach its audience, Jim tried once more to establish his solo career, he recorded an anti-cocaine song called "Give It Up", which, predictably, radio refused to touch.

"I think that record had a real chance. I know it had something. "But without airplay . . . "

One of jim's big problems throughout that period was his lack of image. Two attempts at staging 'Boy From The Stars' and a handful of impactless performances on 'Countdown' did not help make Jim familiar to his audience. A filmclip for Countdown might have just made all the difference, but there's no real value to knowledge in hindsight.

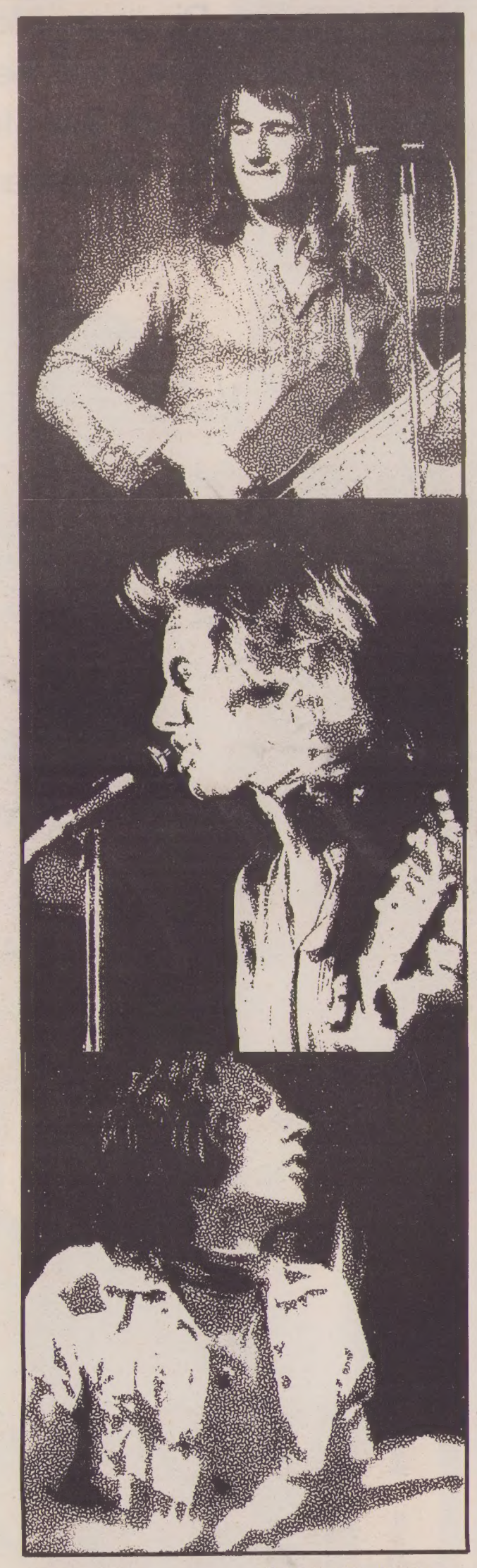
Jim's rare performances did nothing to assist the album pass through its dilemma. They did not win anyone over to Jim. The lessons of 'Boy From The Stars' were not corrected to assist 'Give It Up'. That single also failed to win general acceptance.

Jim was in a real spot now. Just how to move on. That was the question. EMI were unwilling to make another move. Jim took advantage of their disinterest by securing world rights of 'Boy From The Stars' for himself. He'd made them sign a ctntract which ensured that if the album wasn't released overseas within a given period, the ownership of the album went to Jim. The album was only ever released in Australia.

Jim still believes that one day 'Boy From The Stars' will get its just desserts. But that will have to wait. His problem now, after 'Give It Up', was to salvage the remains of his flagging career. Fortune has always smiled on Jim Keays, and it smiled yet again. The decisions for the future, in a way, took care of themselves.

Right at this time Hush were recording their album of rock oldies, and they were interested in recording some classic Australian rock material. They approached Jim for permission to record the legendary 'Undecided'.

At first Jim could see no objection, but from the time the idea had been given to him it grew in his mind. It was 11 years old. There's a whole new generation of kids who did not know that song. Why give it to Hush? Why not do it himself? It might just be the tonic that was needed.



The idea of it was enough for EMI to regain enough of their interest to say to Jim, 'Go ahead, we'll see how it turns out, and decide whether we want it or not.'

Jim took the risk, He went into Armstrongs studios, taking advantage of their 60 days credit. In 60 days someone would have to pay for it. EMI had lost interest again. But ARC swooped Jim up with arms open and payed for the session. 'Undecided' was released.

It's starting to get airplay. And it looks like making the charts.

Once again 'Undecided' has seen Jim Keays through troubled times. Had he recorded some new song, no matter how good, it's conceivable that record companies would have thought twice about taking over Jim's career. But a song with a proven appeal. That was a different proposition. 'Undecided' has given Jim the chance to carry on, to prove himself.

"We couldn't have done it with any other song. I wouldn't think of rerecording '5. 10 Man' or any of those songs. 'Undecided' is 11 years old. I've never known anybody who has a copy of it. We were able to bring it up to date.

There was more to take care of, apart from Jim's recording. Australian performers have to go out on the road to make money and Jim hadn't been appearing anywhere, waiting for the success of 'Boy From The Stars' to push him into something new.

Colonial Jeans came to Jim's rescue. 'I don't know where I'd be without Colonials'. They advanced Jim money on a series of promotional shows which Jim would do for them.

Around the time of recording 'Undecided' Jim was going to have to start thinking about doing those shows. He'd need a group. It forced him into forming Jim Keays' Southern Cross.

"It's good to be back on stage. It's something that I've always enjoyed.

"We're going to see how the group goes as an experiment over the summer months. I've given it six months. If the group's really successful we'll keep going, otherwise I'll start writing songs for other people and producing records.

"It's strange playing all those places again, the pubs and that. But I'm really not interested in just starting all over again. I've been through all that touring bit. The bad food and the hard living.

"It really wrecked my health."

Jim Keays is back in business with Southern Cross, enjoying a second life, and with 'Undecided', a chance to finally achieve that hit single that's alluded Jim Keays ever since the Masters Apprentices. It's become tough to be Australian since then. But Jim's a survivor. He survived many Masters line-ups and moulded them into a real band. He started out like a very ordinary singer and became a personality. Now he's developed something of his own to do, which began with the ambitious 'Boy From The Stars', was continued with 'Give It Up' and is restated on the flip side of 'Undecided'. That's the direction Jim will be able to take his Southern Cross on when 'Undecided' has re-established Jim's firm hold of his own destiny.

The two years in England saw the Masters record two albums, get very good reviews for them, and finally, when nothing happened, the band split up. By now they all had very different ideas on where to go, ideas which could not be kept compatible.

On the surface, despite the rave reviews, it looks as if the Masters just weren't up to scratch. The cynics smile knowingly. But Jim Keays himself castes a few very interesting insights into what actually went wrong.

"We were in the same stable as Uriah Heep and Slade. They were still into that skin head thing. And we were a much better band than either of them. I'm not just saying that. I went out and saw them play, because we were in the same stable. I rarely walk out on groups, because I like to just take them for what they are, but Uriah Heep were so bad I just had to leave.

"We were a much more experienced band, of course. Of the three bands in the stable we were undoubtedly best."

"Uriah Heep got a fantastic advance from Bronze when they signed. And Slade got a huge advance from Polydor. But we couldn't because we were signed to the Australian company, not the English parent company.

"In England and America when a record company signs a group they give them an advance on their royalties. It means that they can go out and get themselves the equipment that'll make them equal to anyone else that they have to compete with.

"But an Australian company doesn't give advances. They won't sign you unless it's for the world, but they won't treat you like the other groups on that label in England or America are treated. Australians just can't compete.

"We had two albums released in England, but we couldn't compete on the same level as other bands because we were signed to the Australian company.

"I've raised that question with every Australian record company since coming back, and none of them can give me a reason why, if you're signed on a world-wide basis you can't be treated accordingly."

This of course raises a very important difference between the way the rock business works here in comparison to elsewhere, and possibly why our biggest acts break up in the end because of financial starvation. Instead of starting out in front, which an advance on royalties ensures, Australians have to fend for themselves. If their record sells, well and good.

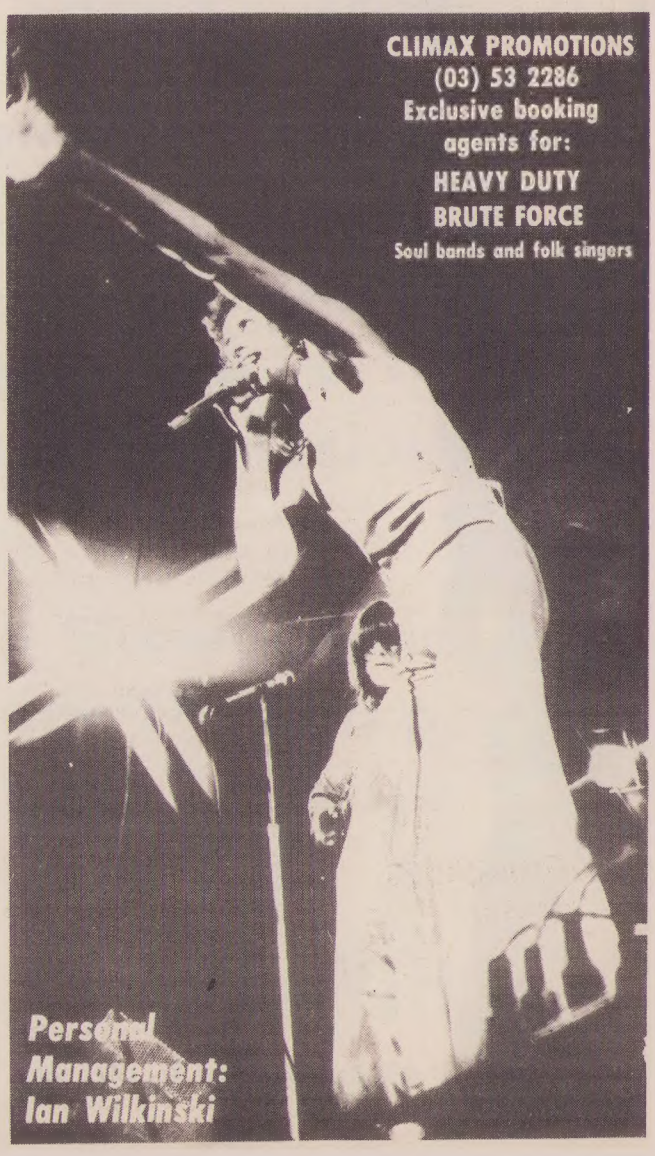
When Jim Keays came back from England he did not throw himeself back into the scene as such. He felt that if he was going to reassemble the Masters in any shape, with new members or old, it would have to be special it would have to be for something very big. There was no point in being small fry again.

Time passed, and so did any possibility of the Masters reforming at this stage. Jim Keays' thoughts were turning more and more towards a new project, a solo album, "The Boy From The Stars".

"I think everyone dreams of one day doing something exactly the way they imagined, without having to give way. I did that with 'Boy From The Stars'. I said what I wanted to say, got the sounds I wanted in my songs, and used the musicians that I wanted to use.

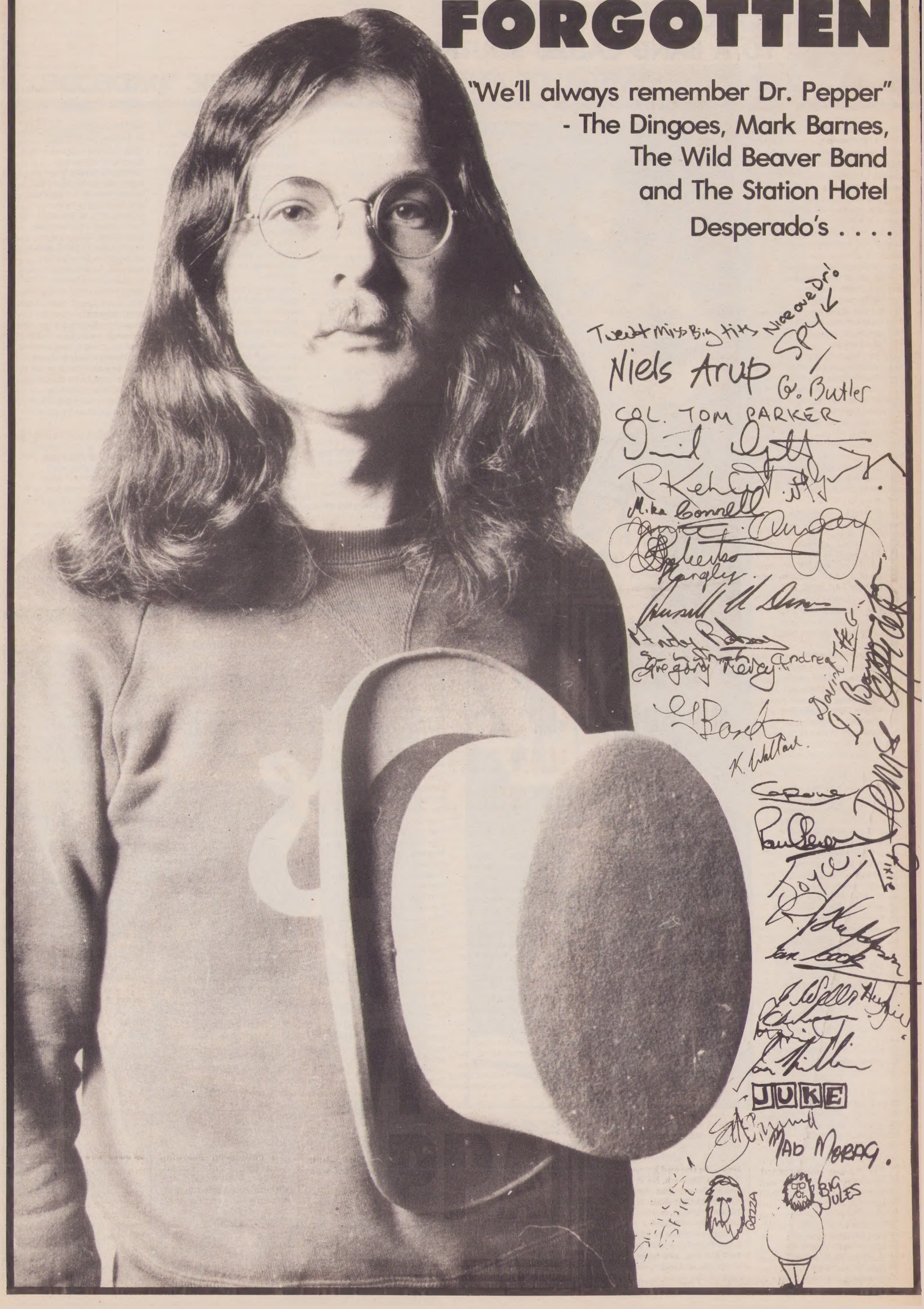
"I think it could be remixed, but I'm still very happy with that album. I think it was ahead of its time."

EMI put a lot of money into recording that Jim Keays album and 3XY, usually criticized for the way they hold back on local recordings, went all the way in trying to get that album off the ground.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

"We'll always remember Dr. Pepper"
- The Dingoes, Mark Barnes,
The Wild Beaver Band
and The Station Hotel
Desperado's . . . .



THE DOCTOR FADES OUT

OR ABBOT AND COSTELLO VERSES THE GREEN SLIME AT THE GREVILLE STREET SNAKE PIT LAGOON.

The phone rang many times before the doctor crossed the room. He had been sitting in his favourite chair gazing at the instrument for some time. He was not so much bewildered as bemused — he knew who was ringing, he knew that eventually he would have to answer, he knew that there was no avoiding the consequences of his answering. With just a trace of an ironic smile he picked up the receiver and stated his name, coupled with a 'Hello' — he was right, the voice belonged to the Other.

'I must see you urgently — you will present yourself at my house immediately', said the Voice.

'And if I refuse?' the doctor replied.

The laughter that rattled the phone reminded him more of the macabre than the merry.

'Let's not play around hey? I have much to do. You are only a small part of my schedule. For goodness sake what are you trying to prove, my silly doctor. I will not come to get you — therefore you will have to come to me'.

A click at the other end of the line signalled the end of the conversation.

The doctor walked slowly back to his desk, taking care not to walk over the shining X Ray prints on the floor, sat down in his leatherbound chair feeling like a file that had fallen out of place and no one knew its correct whereabouts. He picked up one of the many letter openers sent to him by the many pharmaceutical companies and toyed with it for a while before throwing it into the wall with the practised air of a circus performer. He turned off the lights, put on his coat, descended the stairs into the street and began to walk.

THE OTHER

He had always hated the Other — perhaps hate was not the right word for such an emotion, for such a feeling, that feeling of helplessness, of being a puppet, a curmudgeon, a non-existent thing doomed to wander for life over a terrain as barren as that of the surface of the moon. True the boredom was alleviated every now and then and he felt real and in full command of his destiny.

Now and then he became the One and the Other lapsed into insignificance and oh what happy days they were — free — free to be and to do — free to rage and tear down and build whole edifices of mad joy and abandon. Yet this last time he really thought he had finally made it — that at long last it would be the doctor who would triumph, the doctor who would call the shots, the doctor who would drive rather than be chauffered down dim streets to yet another spell of blind oblivion.

THE DOCTOR'S DAY

Everything had seemed to be going right — people recognised him and him alone — the Other was just a fading memory, a remembrance of things past and as the doctor had no past he was unconcerned with anything that was not of now and here and today. Everywhere he went it was he who was spoken of not the Other and he had gradually, despite his endless pessimism and belief that things could not continue going well, come to hope for the best.

Yet, as usual, it seemed that his time was coming to an end once again. He had heard rumours of a man checking on his movements, he had noticed strange eyes fixed on him wherever he went, various friends had looked at him strangely, he had joined groups of people to find the conversation suddenly ceasing at his approach with that one damnable word 'Other' left hanging in the air to reach his ears like a death rattle.

THE OTHER RULES

He had rushed out into the night air to escape — he had not visited his office, nor answered his phone, nor kept contact with anyone he knew yet he knew it was all hopeless — in the end he would have to face up, he would have to go and meekly knock on that door to find himself once more without a face, without a body, without a place to stay for how long he knew not — last time it had been two years, how long would it be this time? What was he to do?

He wept silently by a tree in the park and imagined how different things would have been if the situation had been reversed, if it had been he who was the reality and not the Other. Then he would never be dormant, he would rule constantly and the world would know him by one name instead of two — then it would be all destruction, fire and flame and the passion of an existence that could last scant years yet illuminate for a century with the glow of its embers. Who to see, what to do? Would he meekly accept his fate this time or would he fight? Could he fight?

HIS HOUSE

The Other's house was hidden behind an eight foot hedged fence. It was reached via a small gate and a path strewn with brick dust, giving the impression of a red carpet or a trail of blood, depending on the feeling of the time. Today it looked like a trail of blood and the doctor noticed it was staining his white intern shoes not unlike their look after a week in the casualty ward, especially after a weekend treating road accident victims.

The doctor reached the dark oaken door and pushed the illuminated door bell hearing with a trace of merriment the double chimes and thinking how apt a sound.

The door was opened by unseen hands and the doctor moved, with as much determination as he could muster, towards the ante room where he knew the Other would be. He knocked twice on the door and entered.

THE OTHER'S INFLUENCE

Inside was the sar place he remembered from other visits, indeed nothing at all had changed — the carpet was still red with traces of gold, the whole room was painted a pale pale blue, the bureau was still covered with papers, the armchairs were of darkest leather and decorated with red plush pillows and the brass light fittings radiated a muted light.

At the other end of the room, behind his leather-topped desk sat the Other. The Doctor felt a pang of sadness overcome him when he realised how similar were the furnishings he had provided himself with at his own rooms and how complete was the Other's control over him.

'Even though he is the person I hate most yet I am still utterly influenced by him' thought the Doctor, 'What a strange situation yet not all that strange considering that I take all from him including my very existence.' He was motioned to sit down which he did quietly.

THE OTHER'S REPROACH

'I have been following your movements considerably of late' said the Other, 'and I am not particularly impressed with what I see'.

'Indeed', said the doctor 'and what, may I enquire, is it that I do that meets with your displeasure, my lord?'

The last statement was made with an attempt at irony or perhaps facetiousness. It was not successful and the doctor reproached himself for his folly.

'Do I have to explain such things to you every time?' said the Other 'surely we have been through all this so often before that my recapitulation would not only be a waste of time but utterly boring as well. You know your place yet you refuse to stay in it — you know you are under my control yet you continue to believe that you are not — you know your limits yet you constantly overstep them — good heavens how much of this am I supposed to stand?'

'I am amused by you yes, I'll never deny that — but you always reach the point of making me choose between myself and you and the choice, for me at least, is a simple one. If you would only restrain yourself these moments would not need to arise, you know that, I've told you often.'

THE DOCTOR'S DEFENCE

There was a gread sadness in his voice when the doctor replied.

'Don't you see that if I restrained myself I would not be myself. I would be you. You created me for a purpose — you recreate me for a purpose from time to time — always the same reason — because you find that either you are bored with the way things are going or you feel that there is something missing in your life.

'This may be all well for you but every time I reach some level of happiness you start screaming that your life is in danger and consign me to limbo once more — what do you think this does to me, to my happiness, to my confidence, to my right to be joyful and real? I cannot continue in this vein — if I am to go this time it will have to be forever — I will not return — I will not be used in this way.'

HE LIES

The Other ruminated on this for a time and the Doctor could see he was shaken by such an outburst. This was the first time that the Doctor had presented a case for his own survival and he felt a certain elation — yet deep inside himself he held little hope. The doctor had as usual lied.

It was his life to lie just as much as it was his life to do all that the Other had constrained him from doing. His case was untrue. If the Other ever faltered it would be the end of him.

As these thoughts came to an abrupt end he looked up and saw that the Other had read them and had made up his mind.

ONE MUST GO

'I am touched by what you say of course', said the Other 'but it can have no bearing on what I must do. This whole matter is, as always, a matter of survival. You, as you want to be, and I, cannot live at the same time — one of us must die and that one

must be you. You know the reasons. They are simple and have been explained to you several times.

'I take into account the fact of your despair and what you call your lost confidence but I do not believe that these things are necessarily lasting or even true. You live in words, you live for words and you will die for words.

'I am not like you. I live for what I see and for what I reason to be absolute and true. You are so deceptive that a chameleon would be lost in your presence. I cannot believe I am dooming you. I know I cannot do such a thing. IF I COULD I WOULD HAVE YEARS AGO.

'I am stuck with you but I will not be ruled or driven by you. It is my decision that you will leave and I make that decision now. You have this afternoon to make your farewells and I shall expect you to return here this evening — at that time our covenant will be made and my will will be carried out. You may go.'

The doctor made as if to speak, thought better of it, stood up and let himself out the door. He did not let the Other see his face fearing that the chagrin and hatred it mirrored would only shorten his time.

TRAPEZE'S GOODBYE

The doctor first sought out Trapeze. He found her wandering the Main Street in search of some kind of present for whom he could not guess. He asked her to sit a while with him as he had something of importance to tell her. Her interest did not seem strong but he finally, by great entreaty, succeeded in taking her into a small coffee house.

'I saw the Other today', he said, watching her intently for any sign of surprise but to his dismay he saw none.

'Yes, I'm not surprised, I heard he was looking for you. Are you going again?'

'Is that all you can say', said the doctor, dread creeping into his voice, 'Is that all I matter to you or anybody? Am I just another rag to be used for a while then to be cast away and never thought of again?'

Trapeze mused into her coffee and the Doctor instantly thought 'She has spoken to him, he has brainwashed her'. She put down her cup, thought for a while and then answered.

'What you are thinking is true. I have seen and spoken to the Other but not for the reasons you think — and do not rise in anger and leave me before I finish. The Other's reasons for your destruction are sound. If you continue, both you and he will die — there is no question of that. I do not wish for that to happen — although I much prefer you to him, or at this moment I think I do, I may change my mind, I am willing for you to go for a period of time rather than disappear forever.

'When I left you once you survived although I know it hurt you deeply. Remember you said that it was better I went for a while with you knowing I would eventually return, rather than facing the prospect of losing me forever by certain actions you would have taken?

'I feel the same way. Life will be different without you but I am convinced of your re-emergence at some future time. For now I will leave you and say Goodbye'. She stood up and left the cafe without a backward glance — if her face betrayed her feelings the Doctor would never know this time around.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A LAST LOOK

The doctor flitted around in the White Hispano for the rest of the day visiting all those places he loved so well — the Snake Pit, the Crocodile Pool, the Southern Cross lounge — he saw many people he loved, hated or cared nothing about; he lost himself amid the crowd that he was soon not to see again; he bought things for himself then cast them aside when he realised that he could not take them with him.

At certain times during the day he wept, thinking of things that he had not done, or had not said, or had not made clear, but he calmed himself with the thought that he would return — he would return in the future he knew because he would be invoked by the Other when he was needed.

It had seemed selfish to him before yet now, after a day of saying farewells, he realised that the Other was right — the Other had the right to destroy him because the Other had given him all that he had — the Other had suffered many a time for him, had protected and defended him, had defended him even against the Other's own self, that being the only thing a positive savage could do having regard for the Tarpit the Doctor's life had become.

The Other carried the seed of the Doctor within him like a Typhoid carrier and whither the Other did goest there also went the Doctor. There could be no death for one of them — only the death of both of them could end the duality of their existence. As night fell the Doctor drove, knowing it was to be the last time, to the house of the Other.

AND SO, DESTRUCTION

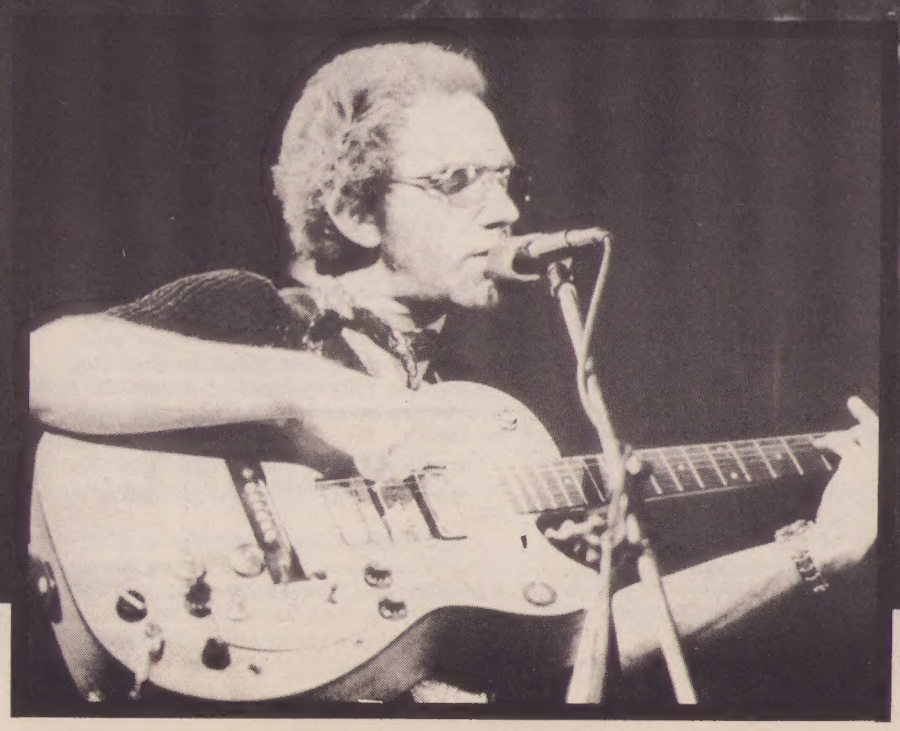
At night the house changed drastically. The imitation gas lamps out the front seemed to leer like giant eyes in the night and the blood red path had become a black stygian river. The Doctor wasted no time having come to his decision and entered the anteroom without knocking, startling the Other with the force of his entrance. The Other had been stoking the coals in the fireplace and looked up sharply at the noise behind him.

'You are early' said the Other warily and wearily, 'Have you come to argue with me once more?'

'No' said the Doctor 'As much as I am master of my own fate I am master of it at this instance. I present myself here knowing full well what is to happen. Yet arriving fully an hour early it is I who name the time and I who give the order for my own destruction'.

'So be it', said the Other, half smiling, half puzzled. 'It pleases me not at all to take this action. Indeed I take it with great regret. I only hope I will not have to ever repeat it, yet I know that to be a forlorn hope. Every time you go, you take a little more of me with you. It is possible that you will triumph in the end and our positions will be reversed. I wonder how you would act in such a situation?'

The Doctor did not answer. He walked towards the black door indicated to him by the Other. He put his hand on the door knob, turned it once and walked through the door. The last thing he saw was a giant illuminated sign with the four letter word 'TILT' in red letters. He smiled softly. He was home.



J.J. Cale in Australia : Pics by Gary Turner

CLOUD NINE SUCCUMB TO TASTE

You take a band like Cloud Nine — they're from Melbourne. You feed them on music and associated strengths; eventually you come up with something that's rhythmic and entertaining. Some like to call it 'taste' and those who do will soon have it their own way.

And that's not the prologue to a joke.

The name Cloud Nine means a lot of things to a lot of people — a headache in most cases!

No! No! That's not totally true. For the last eighteen months or thereabouts, they've been flashing their wares — let-it-all-hang-out music — to unsuspecting audiences throughout Australia. They took to the extremes of oblivion an album and a single which no one — perhaps their most ardent fans — can put a name to today. On the brighter side they entertained their audiences well. They tried and more than often they succeeded in giving the audiences what they wanted.

Yeah, they knew what it was all about. They knew what would wet cotton and nylon among the thrill seeking young audiences. And at a time when they didn't, they soon learned.

Their appearances on ABC's Target programme was far from being the Cloud Nine that Cloud Niners knew and grew to love, but that was the ABC and one must give unto Caesar in this game ...

Wherever they played at country gigs, they always managed to score high ratings — both during their performances and with the chicks later on.

One could say that Cloud Nine was the best band in the country — not so good in the city, but great in the country! But flippancy is out of vogue.

The guys, they're not gifted with super good looks, but there's something about them that chicks find extremely attractive. Take **Ken Murdoch** for instance (and there's a lot of young chicks who would). Ken's the 'star' of the band.

He projects himself across an acre (or so) of audience, touches all the dolly-birds in sight (they mentally think) and every guy in the place becomes jealous. Ken's far from being the Australian equivalent of David Essex or Elvis Presley in looks, but that's something which is willingly overlooked when everything else is happening.

Those who are not already familiar with Ken would have little or no difficulty in recognizing him.

He's the one who wears a bike on his nose; it sort of adds mystique to his image, he admits. It's somewhat of a rare occasion that you can see the true colour of his eyes because of the sun visors.

There's Michael, too, who goes in for the window frames bridging his right and left ears, but they're positioned there out of necessity.

Michael's the bassist in the group. He's got the most peculiar laugh imaginable. At a guess, it's a cross between a debauched laughing hyena and frustrated sea lion! Despite his laughing bag gone wrong, the guy's cool and probably the most sincere out of the bunch.

Michael — oh heck, let's call him Mike.

Mike sort of hops on stage wearing his sister's bopping socks — red, blue, green, orange, purple. 'Colourful attire' a generous person would remark above the shouts of 'weird'. And his hair is just way out.

It's way out here and it's way out there! The poor sod must have so much trouble with that hair of his, but as one prepuberty chick once remarked, he looks kinda cute. Yeh, that's Mike — he's the cute one, but probably just as dangerous with any willing chick!

Joey, now he's a completely different kettle of fish or whatever the groovy term is. Joey's a chip off the Dave Hill (Slade) block. He isn't intentionally, but he always seems to remind me of him by his funky movements and his stage presence. He's also enviably young — seventeen I seem to recall.

There's Virgil Donati, another holder of the under-18 award. And current contender for the annual 'play music with a smile' trophy. You'll find Virgil behind a drum set that miniaturizes his stature. But in reality he's big — about five ft. seven in his stockinged feet — give or take a few dark hairs.

He's the quiet one — always has been. He sort of sits there, soaks up a conversation like a sponge and without any warning he explodes in words to a startled audience. And when he speaks you know he's chewed the words over and over before spitting 'em out — or at least he's a damn good impressionist.

That was Cloud Nine. WAS — as in past tense.

In a few weeks from now, the group will no longer exist. The name that gave so much pleasure to graffiti readers throughout Melbourne and its long list of suburbs will be no more.

But before every choice brick wall and public lavatory in the Metropolitan area mourn their departure, in essence it's only the name that's being slaughtered.

The group are about to adopt a new name. Soon they will be known as Taste, but otherwise they'll be retaining all the raunchiness, spunk and get-it-on feels that became identifiable with Cloud Nine.

Almost a direct contradiction to that above, however, is their first single release. It will be a song entitled "Rock 'n' Roll Superstar" — a slow, haunting ballad that's injected with everything you'll find in today's bigger hits.

Some people at first will liken it to Kevin Johnson's "Rock 'n' Roll I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life" and there is some justification for this comparison, but it really stands on its own.

If this record isn't a national number one, there is little hope for local acts here. "Rock 'n' Roll Superstar" has to be the best Australian single since "Yesterday's Hero". It's already the first contender of '76 for the Record Of The Year award.

And it hasn't even been released!

Everyone in the industry who's heard it has been left speechless — it does that to you. Undoubtedly, it's 'overseas' material and much too good to just flog around the four corners of Australia. I was fortunate enough to hear the master tape.

Does that mean Taste would possibly be heading overseas? I decided to find out.

Joey, Michael, Virgil and the 'star' arrived at my place. Plonked their arses on the settee and threw a camel look at the flagon of wine that stared back at 'em.

"No! There's absolutely no overseas plans being made," responded the 'star'.

"It's something we haven't even thought about. Certainly not in the way you mean it.

"This year should be the busiest we've ever been. And with a new single on the way ..."

"We ... we've got so much faith in 'Rock 'n' Roll Superstar', interjected Joey, lighting up a cheap brand of smokes.

"Everyone is really pleased with the result. It's just so catchy," he added through a smoke ring.

"It's the sort of song that when you've heard it once, the chorus keeps going 'round and 'round inside your head."

"It's someone in Brisbane who wrote the song, but that's all we know about it," volunteered Michael as he helped himself to the flagon's contents.

Virgil, he was his usual self: silent.

"Y'know, Frank, there's one thing that really worries us about this single," the 'star' said, shuffling his feet awkwardly on the red carpet.

"Its sound ...

"What I mean is we've never done anything like it before. We've always been into raunchy numbers." Ken was obviously concerned.

Michael agreed with his colleague and quickly added: "It's going to be a complete change for us and some people might get the wrong idea about the band."

"Yeah, that's really the thing that worries me. It's a fabulous number, but I'm afraid that people who listen to it and buy it will get the impression that we're all that type of sound, which we're not," the 'star' said.

"I don't go all the way with that," Joey voiced, simultaneously flicking the ash from his inch of tobacco into an awaiting coffin.

"I can see what you mean," he assured the 'star', "but look at Darryl Braithwaithe," he went on confidently. "He released a ballad, 'You're My World' and it hasn't done him any harm. No one's going around saying that Sherbet are a group of ballad singers, are they?"

The question was never answered but everyone knew. Joey had triumphed.

"What's more you're forgetting about the 'B'-side!" Thundered Virgil from what previously was a dead corner.

"The 'B'-side (Fancy) in my opinion is equally as good as 'Superstar'. It's got a catchy beat to it and if my mother likes it, that's really saying something.

"It's also Cl ... Taste through and through. People who hear that will see the progression from our earlier stuff, but know it's us.

"I think everyone will be able to get into 'Rock 'n' Roll Superstar'. That is, mums and dads will like it and so will teenagers as well. Whereas the 'B'-side is mainly for teenagers, but some parents will like it."

The 'star' listened attentively throughout, and a smile drew across his face as the words seeped into his body, as if bringing relief.

Half a flagon later we spoke about their first album and their series of rubber singles: more particularly, why I had never seen them listed in the charts.

"The production ... we were never really satisfied with the production," volunteered Michael, licking the top of his glass.

"We still think they were good for what they were," interjected Virgil briefly, "but they could have been a lot better production-wise ... a lot better."

"Now that you're going through a name change, does it also indicate a change in musical styles?" I asked.

The 'star' responded:

"There won't be any changes to our music in the sense of going from rock 'n' roll to other areas. We'll still be a rock 'n' roll band, but we'll be putting more 'taste' into it. We see the move as a progression.

"Our eventual aim is to make it overseas ...

"It's like this, the audiences here in Australia are as good as what you'd find anywhere if not better. We've been very lucky in that way. We've played to people and they relate very quickly to what we're doing. And it usually ends up with everyone having a good time.

"Now, that's fantastic, but there's not much to be gained as regards to money here — even the bigger name bands are not really getting all that much.

"That's one side of it. On the other hand, because we've got this goal in mind; we're going to improve and improve and play better at almost every gig we do. People who come to see us regularly will easily notice the change.

"If people came along to see us play a week from today they would notice an improvement," says Ken confidently.

Star, presumably from what you've said, 'Rock 'n' Roll Superstar' won't be a true indication of what Taste is all about?

"It will be an indication what we're capable of doing, but we won't be getting on stage and playing that sort of music all night.

"It's an important step to take. I'm just not sure whether the time is right for taking it and I guess nobody will know until the record's released, given air-play, how the people respond and more importantly, how they'll respond afterwards when they come to see us 'live'.

"It's a beautiful song, I must admit — and I'm not just saying that because it's ours. I'm just not sure about it in other ways, that's all. I'm just not sure that the timing is right mainly."

The 'star' deliberated for a while, transported his sun-blinds from the bridge of his nose and rested the pair on his head top. Rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand, he began to speak in a slow monotone:

"If it takes off at all, it will be big. I have this feeling about it, but I'm thinking what people will expect from us when they see us 'live'."

At that point, Joey awakened, went through his reading (second chapter; verse 27) and everyone lay back — I'm sure from exhaustion! Nevertheless, he triumphed again. And with a re-run of the same argument (Sherbet) at that.

Whatever their individual feelings are towards the record; whatever their thoughts are behind "Rock 'n' Roll Superstar" — nothing can detract from what it is.

And that you'll soon discover for yourself.

From Frank Peters in Adelaide

Ooh my dears I have a terrible confession to make.

My much awaited spice awards are a week overdue. Just like something else I dread talking about.

And all because of that sinful week in Sydney with those horny bronzed musos.

I spent all last week in the cot trying to recover from my innocent indiscretions.

I should have stayed in Melbourne with all the fags. It would have been safer.

Anyway darls ... next week the awards will definitely appear.

★ ★ ★

And what a busy week I had. My beige bedside phone kept going off like a groupie with the entire cast of Lisztomania.

The raucous ring of Bell's baby interrupted my Herald learn to love campaign in my ocean blue bedside pool, when carnivorous Coralie the meat-eater called. And what hot gossip she had.

Ken Murdoch — the strapping Cloud Nine sex symbol — was having a torrid affair with Mandy Testro who exercises her vocal chords for Bastille. Bastille is a band, sisters — not a fortress.

Apparently the lovely couple met on a working tour of the moonshine state's seaside resorts. Mandy, a husky blonde in the Renee Geyer mould, is very well stacked physically. More later.

★ ★ ★

Here's some business gossip for the power peepers who perouse this piffle.

My dear friend Phil Greenop tells me that Ron Tudor is about to re-emerge as a major force on the Melbourne scene. Phil, the former WEA dynamo, is Ron's new troubleshooter at Fable Records.

Yes, that's the company which Brian Cadd sued.

Phil has already signed Cloud Nine who are changing their name to Taste — perhaps an ode to the girls they meet on tour.

Phil whispered in my pinkies that Taste's debut single Rock 'n Roll Superstar is going to be the biggest thing since Skyhooks made Living In The Seventies.

I'm sure that Ron Tudor will be able to get his good mate Ian Meldrum to promote Taste in his 99 pop columns and Bellbird.

★ ★ ★

OOh I must tell you the latest gossip about the Bay City Germs.

The tartan tykes must realise they won't be around in 12 months.

Stunning Steve — a gay entrepreneur around town — confided that he spoke to the lads about joining Les Girls when their voices break.

They wouldn't even have to change their costumes ... would they sisters?

★ ★ ★

There could be blood on the streets of South Melbourne soon.

Galloping Greg Macainsh — the scintillating songwriter from Skyhooks — is opening a clothing shop in Clarendon Street.

And guess who is selling records just up the street. None other than Bongo Starkie — that other Skyhooks sweetie.

Bongo is flogging his vinyl in Mr. Zipper's clothing shop.

Oh dear I think they are copying Dingbat Drysdale who has a shoe shop in Toorak Road, Burwood.

I hope your voice lasts a bit longer than Dingbat's, Greg.

★ ★ ★

Oh gosh some promoters are cheeky.

I got an entry form for the Wandong Country Music Festival on March 7.

One of the sections is the Greyhound Song-Writing Contest. That looked easy until I read the conditions.

The canary yellow entry form said: "We are not looking for a heavy commercial, rather we want a good country song that mentions Greyhound, Australia and travelling by bus."

Oh dear hasn't country music gone commercial? Soon they will be playing it on Countdown — amongst the bubblegum.

Ted Mulry Gang
Sebastian Hardie
Andy Gibb & Zenta
Stevie Wright
Geeza
Rabbit
69'ers
Magic
Twister
Sacha
Buffalo
Sparkle
Winter
Jasper
Beckett
Goldies
Rocky & the Hurricanes

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January 21, 1976

DOING THE EAGLES ROCK

Some years ago I was stranded on the highway, hiking down from Shepparton. Actually it was a by-road, and more importantly, it was cold and the day was fast losing its light. My lips were chaffed, my thumb was blue and the chilly autumn winds just kept on tugging at my duffel coat.

It was almost twilight before I got a lift in a pick-up truck with some bug-eyed farmer's son. Not that he really was a yokel, but he had those classic rustic features. A slender frame, shallow cheek bones and his eyes drew a blank. As he spoke he would tilt his hat to shade his face.

His name was Jim and he told me he liked big women. He also told me his old man was going to kill him when he got home. I asked no questions for fear of prying. We drove on in silence for some time.

By now the picket fencing cast long shadows toward the road as the sun spread itself thin across the horizon. Beyond the fencing was a perennial wheatfield of grass. Wind-blown and seemingly timeless. In fact mile upon mile of it and I was getting bored. So was Jim.

To break this whiteline fever he pulled out a cassette player from under the dashboard. A small Jap model, slightly battered but nonetheless operative. You could tell he used it a lot. Into it he inserted a tape which he opined was the best he'd heard in years.

It was pleasant enough first listen, but it was also country music. Something which crossed my blind spot. Later he said that he taped it off a friend who had the elpee on import.

Jim was a University student who couldn't afford the albums so he rotated the music on tapes. (And I picked him for a yokel). He tapped his foot and for the first time his eyes smiled. Clearly this was one tape he was going to keep.

Me, well I really couldn't venture a true opinion on it in between the rattle of the truck's tray and Jim's small talk. What the hell is the name of the album?!! Well for one it wasn't the Eagles, but it did feature its lead vocalist and songwriter extraordinaire — Bernie Leadon.

Bernie co-wrote most of the material on this, the 'Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark'. (Actually the LP should have been re-entitled LEADON, Dillard and Clark).

So it turns out Jim is a C&W fanatic. Dolly Parton, Merle Haggard, Dave Dudley; he's got them all. Straight away he had my respect — (Almost). He also spoke of Leadon with great veneration.

To this end I thank him. More specifically it was Leadon's composition 'Radio Song' and the events which happened later that day which brought to my realization the vastly unchartered territory of Country & Western music.

Jim (I never did find out his surname) rapped on some time on the merits of Bernie Leadon and C&W in general. I was dutifully impressed in all my naivete. He talked on exuberantly, while taking a side road leading to the Hume Hwy where he would drop me off.

It was remarkably dark, and looking out the window all I saw was my reflection staring back at me. The engine revved harder, stalling momentarily as Jim engaged gears to make it up a steep grade. When we came to the crest of the hill, he cut the engine. A strange lull befell the cabin. Then looking past his silhouette I understood.

To my right was the greatest light show on earth. The Melbourne metropolis at night. From the Dandenongs to the You Yangs, it was one mass of flickering neon. I was stunned. From pastoral blackout to the bright lights of the big city in less than a quarter mile.

Looking toward the city Jim says candidly 'when me and the old man have a tiff over the girlfriend, I come up here to think to myself, maybe even have a drink and listen to this tape.'

In this way he taught me the meaning of country music, all in one hit. Its images are those of its people; its myths are born out of its romanticism — and above all it provides a refuge for the heartbroken. In fact identification is there for all those who can feel for C&W. Outside of the blues it has an honesty and directness which rock has long since lost.

★ ★ ★

"Radio Song" is the number Bernie Leadon wrote, and it's a perfect example of country music. It's the song I remember most that night and the one which single-handedly turned me on to C&W. It also remains his finest moment. The tale of a man travelling alone at night, endeavouring to put miles between himself identified with. Truly a classic of fair. Of course a memory knows no distance. The person remains dejected and can't find solitude. Something maybe Jim himself identified with. Truly a classic popular music. For this alone I rate Bernie Leadon very high indeed.

Today he is the key member of the Eagles. A country-pop band influenced by the veteran war-horses of Nashville and the vocal harmonies of the Byrds.

Maybe when you dissect it, it's not that simple but they still remain the most archetypal 'country-rock' band of the seventies. Bands such as Souther, Hillman, and Furay have consciously emulated them. More accurately they remain carbon copies. However both these bands were spawned from the same family tree of LA musicians who played together, lived together and payed their proverbial dues on the same soil.

Needless to say all the Eagles members are virtuosos and play impeccably tight as a unit. Moreover they lay down a fine dancing beat. Very straight without any finger gymnstics or cosmic frills. The Eagles remain close to roots.

This ability to think out their style from the basics is why they remain instantly appealing. The music is easy to digest. It's this accessibility which has helped them sell albums as if it were treason not to own one.

Their rise from anonymity to relative stardom has not been well documented. Why? Possibly because there is very little to say.

The story goes that in the beginning of the nineteen hundred and seventieth year of our Lord, there was no good rock. Then Bernie Leadon begat the Eagles, Glyn Johns begat the sound, Asylum begat the records and the Eagles rolled up three cherries everytime.

Each album is a million-seller and earned these 'desperados' gold spurs. It was that simple. From the Frisco dime clubs to the Madison Square.

An over-night success? Well not really. Each member had consolidated his craft in small time bands. Touring constantly and living from hand to mouth. One night stands, cheap hotels and quick lunch stands. Quite romantic in fact; but tough.

Drummer Don Henley had arrived in California from Texas, disbanded his group Shiloh and backed Linda Ronstadt together with slide guitarist, Glenn Frey. Poco's Randy Meisner later joined temporarily as a fill-in bass for Linda's Frisco gigs in '72.

As such they all became friends, working together under Ronstadt, till Randy split Poco to join Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band. This apparently being a most disparaging time for Randy, sending him into recluse for eight months. At least till the Eagles formed.

At this time Bernie Leadon was playing C&W with the legendary 'Flying Burrito Bros'. When that band hit the rocks and split, he joined the Nashville studio pickers, playing on neo-country wimp-alongs, paid by rich kids with greenbacks in their wallets and a warble in their throats. These who wanted the right musicians to fake their authenticity. Getting rich the hard way wasn't for Bernie. This was hardly a challenging profession but it payed the bills and he survived.

Interestingly, Linda Ronstadt once had Leadon for a vocal/guitarist on her early recordings. Therefore when Don and Glenn wanted out it was she who suggested Leadon for their band. After all he was free, and besides, the studio atmosphere does get a little clammy for a 'country boy'.

• Cont. P.22

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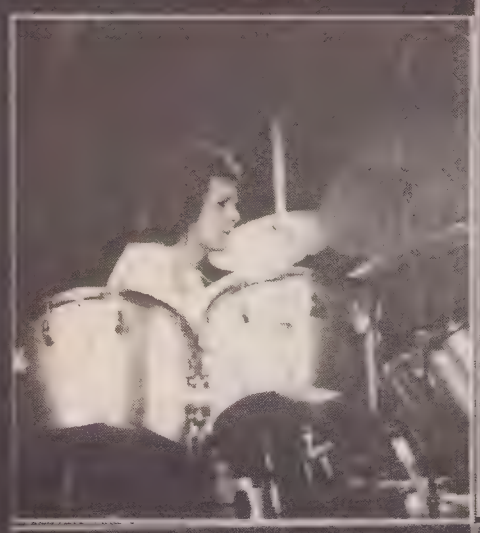

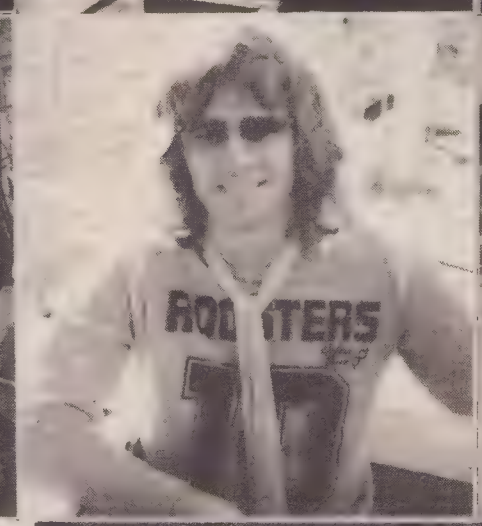

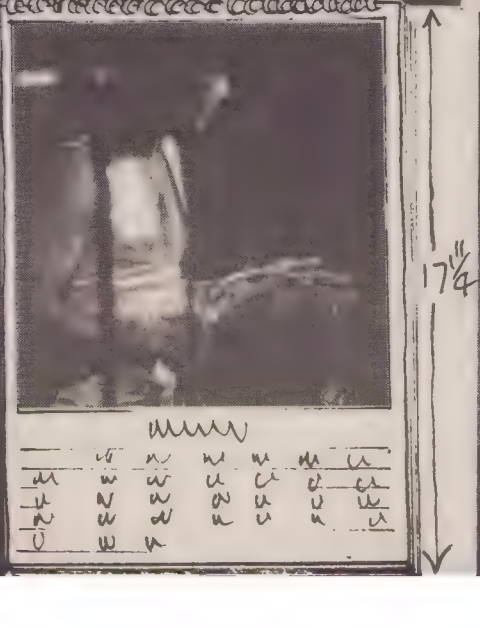

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A LITTLE RIFF GOES A LONG WAY

The Doobie Brothers' "Stampede Across Australia '76" tour, beginning in Perth on January 21, will finally give their audiences here a chance to hear this group when they are reportedly at their most impressive: live in concert. With their current line-up featuring two drummers and three guitarists (including ace ex-Steely Dan guitarist Jeff "Skunk" Baxter); their excellent sound and lighting systems, and a whole wealth of recorded material to draw from, it is little wonder that the Doobies are currently one of the most successful bands in America, in terms of both record sales and crowd-drawers. In their relatively short 5 years together, the Doobies have steadily grown in size (originally four-piece, now seven), popularity, and most importantly, maturity. Now gaining critical acceptance, they are dispelling their past stigma as a "formularised boogie-band".

The success of the Doobie Brothers has been described as representing the current "height of popularity in San Francisco rock", a trend further evident in the renewed interest in the original purveyors of the "San Francisco Sound" — the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Starship (the latest rendition of the Jefferson Airplane). Both the Dead and the Starship are enjoying a stage of revitalisation and commercial success (the Dead with "Blues For Allah" and the Starship with "Red Octopus") but theirs has nothing on the Doobies' hard-earned track record — over 500 concerts in the last 4 years and platinum discs earned by their last four albums, each for sales exceeding one million units. The reasons are two-fold: the Doobies, with their self proclaimed affinity with the dope culture (a "doobie" is Californian slang for a joint) leave their more cerebral offerings to their concert audiences, while recording albums of short, studio-enhanced songs whose key is their eclecticism. These albums showcase the bands adaptability to a whole string of current American musical styles, including soul, blues, country, folk and latin rhythms. The five albums reflect the Doobie Brothers' progression as a band, beginning with the rough self-titled first album, up to the highly-polished, chart-topping "Stampede".

It wasn't until the second album, "TOULOUSE STREET", before anybody took any notice of the Doobies, only after the single from that album, "Listen to the Music", became a world-wide hit in 1973. "Listen to the Music", now the band's trademark, contains the elements that they have used on much of their work: open with a simple and catchy guitar riff (either electric or acoustic, or both), then Tom Johnston's nasaly voice singing inoffensive lyrics (on Love, Music, or Movin' On), a chorus you can sing along with, plus a tempo or rhythmn change in the middle to keep things interesting. Y OU CAN HEAR IT ON "Rockin' Down the Highway", "Disciple" (also from the "Toulouse Street" album), "China Grove", "Without You" and Long Train Runnin' " (from their 3rd album, "THE CAPTAIN AND ME") and any number of their other songs. One listening to the Australian release of the "LISTEN TO THE MUSIC" album, a collection of their best songs from their first three albums, shows the sameness of these songs, mostly Tom Johnston's rock and soul combinations, and is ample reason for criticism of the Doobies being a "formula band".

The Doobies, in response to these criticisms, countered with "WHAT WERE ONCE VICES ARE NOW HABITS", released in 1974. This marked a change in their direction, the emphasis now taken off the standard Tom Johnston rocker, concentrating rather on the softer, mellower side of the band so that the highlights of the album were the acoustic tracks ("Black Water", "Spirit") and the ballads ("Tell Me What You Want - And I'll Give You What You Need", 'Another Park, Another Sunday"). Their next, "STAMPEDE", showed again new directions and influences. The single from it, an old Holland-Dozier-Holland hit titled "Take Me In Your Arms (Rock Me)" was the first non-original single for the band but also a hit. At this stage Jeff Baxter, guitarist-extraordinare, had parted ways with Steely Dan and was free to join the band as a full-time Doobie Brother (before this, Baxter had played pedal-steel on "THE CAPTAIN AND ME" and "WHAT WERE ONCE VICES —"). The album also features Bill Payne of Little Feat on keyboards (also a veteran of past Doobie Brothers sessions), and guests Maria Mulduar and Ry Cooder.

Alongside these crucial developments in the studio, the Doobies' stage-act, popular from the beginning, has been refined, balanced out with acoustic numbers, and strengthened with added instruments. The days of the three-piece band now seem long over, with every big-name sporting as many band members as possible. Not to be left out, the Doobies' line-up now boasts seven members: Tom Johnston (guitar and vocals), Pat Simmons (guitar and vocals), Jeff Baxter (guitar, pedal-steel, vocals and drums), Tiran Porter (bass and vocals), Mike McDonald (keyboards and vocals), John Hartman (drums and percussion) and Keith Knudsen (drums and vocals).

The focal point of the band's live act is obviously centered on the interplay between the three guitarists — both Johnston and Simmons are hard-working and competent, but it is Baxter who shines as a guitarist. One of the best unrecognised players around (as any of Steely Dan's first three albums show), his guitar-work is fast, melodic, sometimes jazz-tinged, and is only equalled by his pedal-steel playing, unrivalled in the rock format.

His latest credits include playing live with the Elton John Band at London's Wembley Stadium and appearing on Joni Mitchell's latest, "THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWNS". And the idea of having two drummers, while sometimes seeming unneccessary on record, is perfect for the Doobies' hard, driving, rhythmic instrumentation. These rhythms are matched by the bass-work of Tiran Porter, giving credibility to the Doobies' aspirations to a "Soul" sound, while Mike McDonald, coincidently a one-time Steely Dan associate, covers keyboards.

With such a large and refreshingly talented lineup, the live Doobie Brothers are sure to a night of complex and sophistocated music, played at a level of excitement only hinted at on record.

"Listen to the Music" eh? Christ, they'll be turning them away!

TOUR DATES:

PERTH — W.A.C.A. — 21 January, 1976
ADELAIDE — Memorial Drive — 23 January.
SYDNEY — Sydney Showground — 26 January.
BRISBANE — Festival Hall — 2 February.
MELBOURNE — Festival Hall — 6 & 8 February.

LAURIE McRAE

JUKE

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FRANK PETERS DISCOVERS THE WAY FREEWAY PLAY ROCK.

ROCK AND ROLL CAPERS

The rock 'n' roll syndrome is funny — but not funny enough for anyone to break up laughing.

Rock 'n' roll lives because of its over-changing formats, its weird and often colourful personalities and the talents employed.

And it's ever changing moods, feels and gimmicks keep it alive. The scene is rarely known to stand still for long.

So it's no surprise nowadays to see outrageous looking bands sharing the same bill with your clean-scrubbed yaboos.

Take Freeway, led by muscle bound vocalist Frank Chic who's no mummy's boy.

This five-man unhibited rock band on the make say they have achieved more in the past 12 months than any average r 'n' r band.

"We've had a really good year," says Frank. "It's been hard and we've done some bummers, but for the time we've been together we've done a hell of a lot of good things.

"A lot of bands have been around for as long — if not longer than us and they haven't achieved as much," he says.

"People in the industry are noticing things that the band has been doing because we've got musical credibility.

"It's not just fuckin' getting up, doing it and getting across to kids. We've done just about everything: the head trip, the pub trip, universities and concerts."

The guys in Freeway are FRANK CHIC (vocals), STEVE WELCH (guitarist), CHRISTON BARKER (bassist), JOHN GRAHAM (keyboards) and BILL LINCOLN (drums).

To make it in rock and to pay one's "dues" every performer must go through a living nightmare.

Hassles over records, PA equipment and fees can reduce some performers to nervous wrecks.

And nobody escapes the hassles.

"There's a fuckin' lot of them," says CHRISTON BARKER. "And unless the band — any band for that matter — can work on them together as one unit, there's no hope of that band ever being successful.

"I've always had the attitude that a band must not only work together well on stage, but they must be willing to face all the hassles as a team.

"It's important that a band be a 'band' — a team — and not some guy out front kicking arses or trying to do everything himself.

TEAM-WORK

"It's equally important that each member of the band do what they do for themselves and for the band. I believe that every member of the band should have a say in the way songs are performed, as well."

That's good in theory . . .

"It's not just theoritical in our case — we've put it into practice. Steve (Welch) and I do most of the writing — the backbone of it. We'll come-up with something and toss it over to the other guys and Frank or someone will make a few suggestions and then we'll chop and change the song about until everybody is happy with it.

"So in the end it's not just two guys ideas that's down on paper, it's the whole fuckin' group.

"If you've got the whole group involved in the song-writing it's going to 'happen' on stage. It's not just going to be one guy's songs being pumped through the PA and everyone else hanging in there for that guy.

"For a band to play well together and to stay together — Christ! you know how many bands split up — I think every member has got to have his hand in the pie. In that way they're much more involved, they play for themselves and for the band simultaneously," said Chris.

Over the 12 months that Freeway have been together, they've put a lot of sweat into the scene. In 1975 they did 240 gigs and almost ninety percent of those were all-night stands.

"People don't realise what a band has to go through to get to where we are AND JUST LOOK WHERE WE ARE!"

Lead vocalist Frank Chic explains.

"Over the last year we've really been working damn fuckin' hard. For the first eight months or so, we hardly took any money out of the band at all."

"Thank Christ there's lots of good things happening for us now.

"We've got an album coming out and people are really getting off on the band. We've got the album, a light show, back-drop, a bubble machine and Daddy Cool's PA system. For the first time, we've been able to look at putting the band on the level of what we've always wanted to put it on."

In what way? I asked (and wished I hadn't) . . .

Christon:

"We prefer not to say. We're really looking at incredible things. There's many things we'd like to do on stage, but to do those sort of things, we'd need a stage the size of the Myer Music Bowl and a PA ten times the size of the one we have now.

"And fuck, that costs money."

It sounded too much like a wild rock 'n' roll dream to take much notice — a breath load of crap — but Christon was obviously determined to convince me of the opposite. And he did.

"Everything we've done up to this has been a progression. We've seen it and we've went out of our way to achieve it.

"Over a period of time we've slowly directed the band to be able to work at concerts 'cos that's the ideal situation to be able to work under. It's the only way that you can put on a show and really become an act, whether it's on a national level or an international level.

INTERNATIONAL

"Naturally, we're hoping it's going to be international, but we're willing and we've got to take the pace slowly for starters and build up from there. We're more or less feeling our way and keeping the progression of the band happening at the same time. It's essential that we work like that just now."

"Riding High" (Philips) is the title of the group's first album and single. The single to date has failed to achieve any great sales, but there's little or no hope for any single that radio chooses to ignore. Regrettably, that's the case.

Recording can present many new hassles to a group — especially those who've never seen the inside of a recording studio previously.

"I remember the first time I went into the recording studio — fuck! It just freaked me out. I just stood there and let everyone else do everything, I just didn't have a clue.

" 'Riding High' was the first recording session for all the other guys which meant it was hard on us in a way. We went through the hassles of learning how to put up with producers and engineers and learning how to work with these guys. They've got their ideas, we've got

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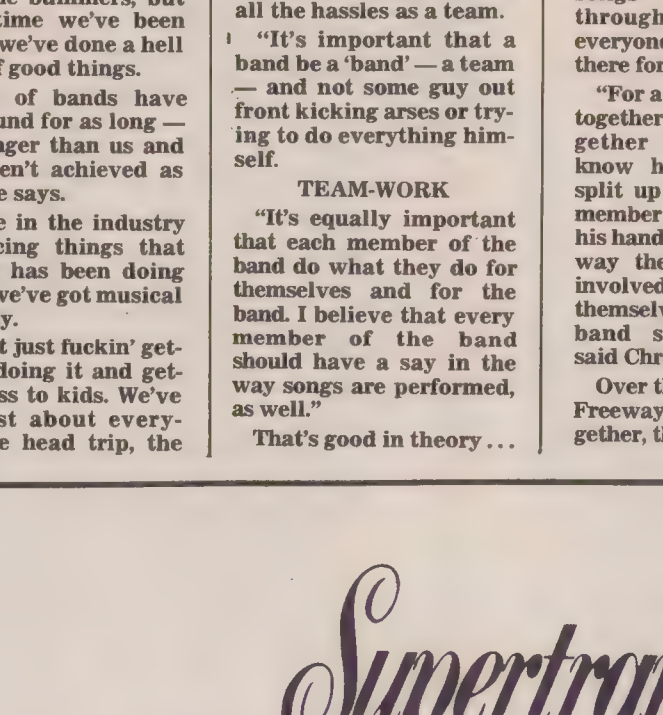

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ours and sometimes they conflicted. That's bad when that happens, but the next LP should be a lot easier in that respect.

"I was very lucky with my first single. John Farrar who joined the Shadows and is now making some nice sounds for Olivia Newton-John was the producer. He was a genius — almost. He just organised all the sounds and got everything happening bang-bang-bang like that," said Chris.

If you're cosmic and into 'groovy trips' save your money by not buying 'Riding High' — it isn't that sort of album.

"Basically it's a rock 'n' roll album. The lyrics reflect everyday existence, life in general, screwing, eating, living, whatever you like," says Chris. "It's a great album as far as I'm concerned. There's nothing better that has come out of Australia in the past twelve months."

All the songs were written by the band except "Nothing's Sadder Than Sad Rock 'n' Roll" which was penned by Greg Macainsh.

"He used to come to our gigs a lot," says Frank. "And he wrote that song especially for us."

" 'Riding High' is different! Christ! You look at other groups and you'll see that they're all jumping on the band wagon of other successful groups. They're all recording material that's much similar in sound. They're doing the 'Jump In My Car' trip. That's why 'Riding High' is different. The title song for instance has been taken from a bagpipe riff.

"It rocks and it gets people happening. Right from the word go we decided to capture all facits of music; the highs, the lows, the rock, the slows — we wanted everything to be there. And we got it."

From that it would appear that the band lacks a direction in music?

"Yeah, but it isn't holding the band back. Twleve months — that's all we've been together. Each one of the guys in the band has his own individual tastes in music and it's essential that everyone has equal say. When all that's done, a direction is chosen. What we're into now is pretty much what everyone in the band wants. Like I was saying earlier, everything we do is a group thing."

Once you've been a rock 'n' roller, it's really hard to decide what to do when things don't work out and you're forced to quit the scene.

Do you turn your arse on it, drop out of circulation completely or what? Anyone who's ever been connected with the rock 'n' roll industry know only too well that the answer's never easy.

ROADIE

Freeway's vocalist Frank Chic was once faced with that problem. He was in a band and it split.

"Fuck! I didn't know what to do. I knew I have to do something and I knew it had to do with rock 'n' roll 'cos I've always been connected with rock 'n' roll in one way or another."

Frank became a roadie.

"I met Broderick Smith who had just formed the Dingoes at the time. I had my own PA and everything and they knew I did a good sound job, so they

asked me if I'd become their roadie and I said yes.

"But even then they knew I'd be leaving them. They knew I had this swelling urge to sing. Occasionally, I used to get up and have a blow with Broderick — it was really a great buzz. I have the highest of respect for those guys."

Chris, he's also a former roadie.

"I was roadie to a group called The Strangers for about a year. I'd been working in a band solid for four and a half years, then all of a sudden — BANG — it was gone. I was out of a job and not knowing what direction to turn. I didn't have any money and I was living in this grotty little house in Sydney.

"I hated Sydney — I just couldn't handle it. There was nothing happening there for me and I didn't have any money to get to Melbourne. My future all seemed as if it was in the past. I even considered committing suicide I was so fucked off.

"Eventually I sold a few records and things and got back to Melbourne and gradually things sorted themselves out."

Was it then you formed Freeway?

"No — later on. I got a small band together first, but that didn't happen. It died in the arse because it was a real rush thing. It was then I realised to get the sort of band I wanted in Australia, it was going to take a lot more than just putting it together in a few weeks.

"A lot of musicians just start up a band or move into the line-up of another one just for the sake of working. In most cases they have to, to survive and there's a lot of bands like that around today. There's really not many bands that make enough money to tide them over through the rough times.

"If you're overseas and someone like Rod Stewart, you've got no money hassles if the band splits. You'd have enough to live on for a few years and you could easily get advances from your record company or whoever. But the moment a band splits here in Australia, they've only got the dole cheque to look forward to."

And although that may be a consolation it's a very poor substitute especially for those who are still trying to meet payments on their musical instruments.

A lot of bands can only cater to one sort of audience. And Frank reckons the hardest type to crack are the universities.

"They're cynical," he says.

"I was always worried about the uni students 'cos they just sit there, 'cool man', 'turn us on man' and all that crap, but after we had gone across well, it built up my confidence to no end."

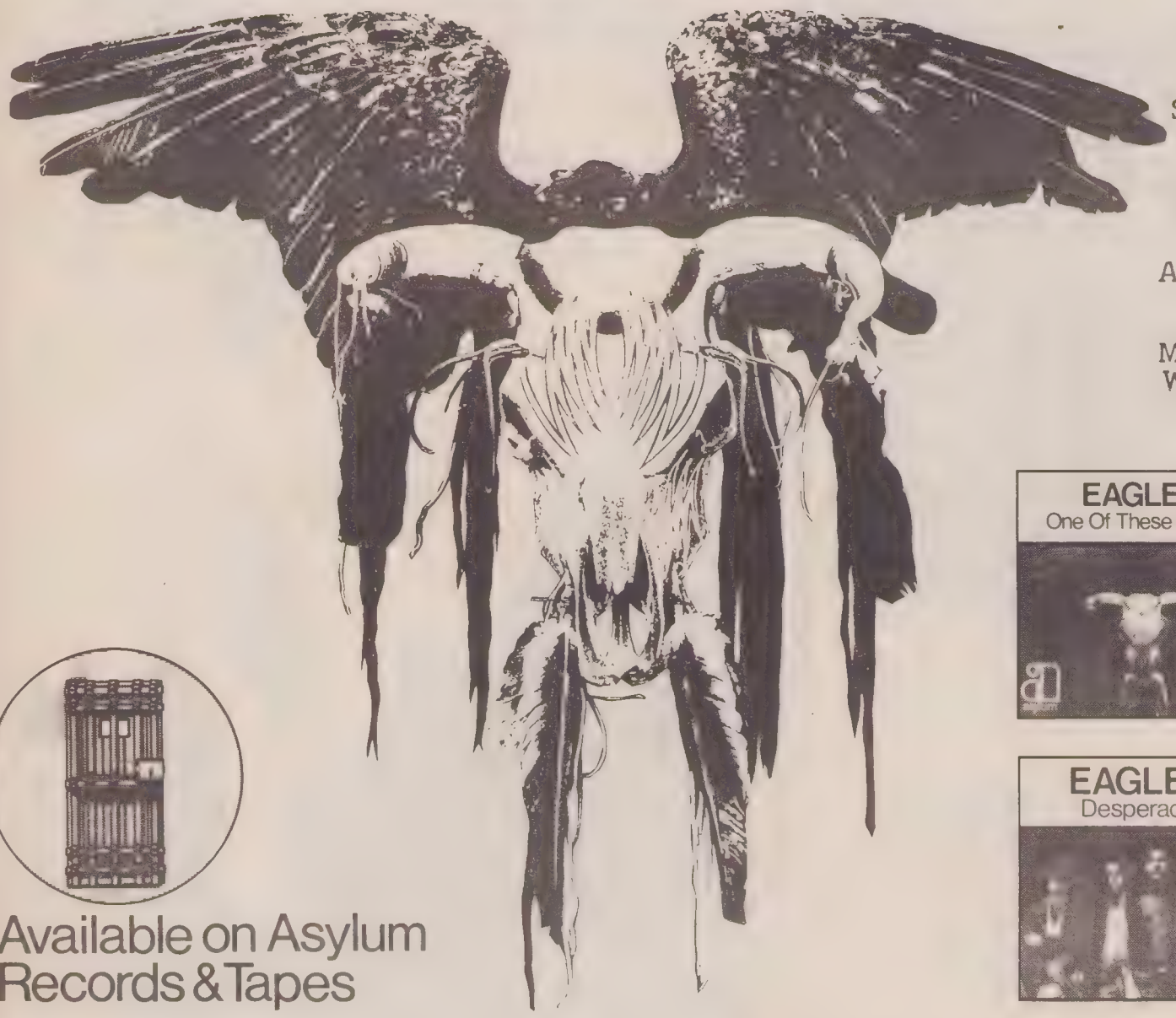
How do you come across on stage?

"We've been told that it's a sort of aggressive sort of vibe. I'm physical . . . big . . . bigger than Daryl Braithwaithe 'Squeak' and guys like that. The band hasn't got a punk-like image. It's more Grand Funk type thing; they're solid guys.

"Lookswise on stage we're very close to the Doobie Brothers — they're very powerful looking. They get on stage wearing good clothes that suit the individual. I wouldn't be able to handle everyone dressing up in Beatle clothes or anything like that.

"We don't have an act as such. We sort of get up there and everyone gets involved in their own way.

EAGLES



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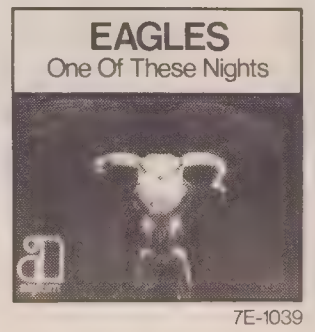

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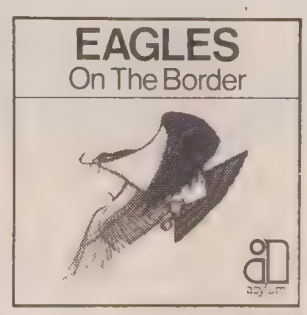

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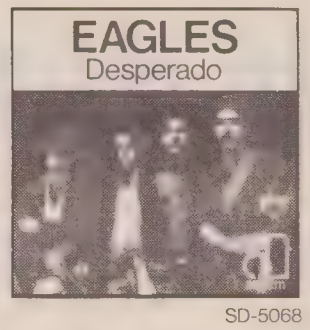

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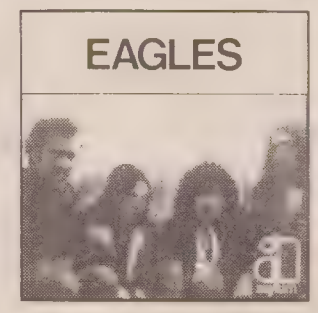

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So, the Amazing, Amorphous Amoeba Man — Frank Zappa — is about to hit town again!

Once more a different band. Once more a different image. The Chameleon Man with his Chameleon Band.

Will the Zappa of '76 be anything like the Zappa I met in '73? Or will he be totally unrecognisable?

I sure haven't forgotten that mind-blowing encounter with the Mother of all Inventions, back there in mid-winter '73!

I'd been wondering for years what made that guy tick. Was he really as crazy as his records and publicity made out? Madman or genius? Or was he just a straight guy with good PR? An ex-ad man who'd mastered the tricks of his trade?

The Mind of the Man intrigued me. I became determined to check out his wavelength in a **more personal** way. I wanted to meet him away from the usual media haunts, away from the public eye.

Aaha! Not so easy. How **do** you get to meet the Mother of Elusion? Ever since those Poster People cashed in on Frank sitting on his dunny, with ne'er a gold leaf (one or two-ply!) of recompense, he's been paranoid about exposure he can't control.

These days, when it comes to publicity, Frank usually calls the shots. And he can be ultra successful in making himself unavailable.

So my problem was how was I to outzap Zap, and shimmy through his security shell?

A marvellous move (a handy hint for all you groovers, groupies and other interested parties) was to MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE BODYGUARD.

Numar, Frank's Negro bodyguard, was a huge, good-humored hunk, who seemed far too good-natured to ever be mean and tough. Still, maybe when you're that big, all you've got to do is to frown a little, and no-one's going to stick around to argue the point!

I first came across him at the press reception at the Chevron Hotel in Melbourne, where he was keeping an ever-watchfull eye on Zappa. As bodyguard, he had to be pretty active, making sure he was never more than about three feet away from Frank.

A real fun guy was Numar. Like a jovial big teddy bear. Did a marvellous Mae West: "C'mon up and see me sometime", he quipped, flashing the key tag with his hotel room number on it. Then he rapidly trailed off after Zappa who was hightailing it into the next room to face the TV cameras. (Sure had to act fast in his job!)

I made a mental note of that room number — 308. "Could come in handy in the tracking down of that elusive Mother," I thought to myself. "To be within 3 feet of the bodyguard is to be within 6 feet of Zappa. Simple arithmetic!

★ ★ ★

10.30 am, Saturday 30th June, found me hiking up the back stairs of Zappa's 21st Motel — the Old Melbourne.

Stage Two was underway. I was going to invite Frank for a chat over an All Australian Boomerang Breakfast on the Sunday! (Why Boomerang? 'Cos once you've had one of them, then you'll always come back for another!)

Delicately poised between my hands was my introductory gesture — a modest five-foot Marrow. The pride of the Vic Market. Respectably ribboned around it was my discreet deckle-edged calling card with the breakfast invitation on it.

My mind raced ahead as I made my way to Room 308. Would Numar the bodyguard be in? Would he agree to give my Modest Marrow to Zappa?

Knock! Knock!

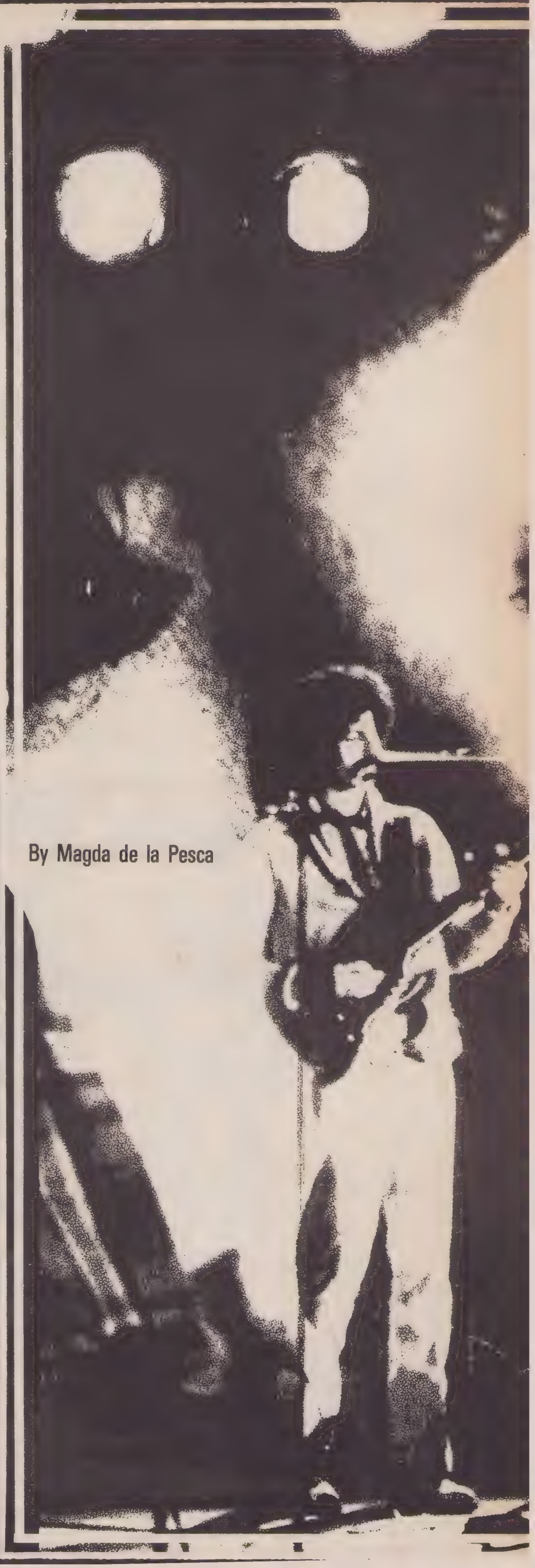
The door was thrust wide open.A **totally naked** ZAPPA stood before me! A wild shock of jet black hair was cascading over his eyes and another sprawled gracefully in tufts somewhere below his belly button.

Well! I was after a personal, individualised encounter, but I certainly hadn't envisaged an opening quite as intimate as this! (Later found out that he and Numar played 'musical bedrooms' as a kind of security precaution!

"Can I help you?" he enquired sleepily, but ever-so-politely.

(Glancing ever-so-politely back at his olive, satin-skinned, slim body, I was tempted to help myself, but . . .)

I presented the marrow. Ever-so-graciously, Zappa took custom of my totem token. Didn't bat an eyelid. Was obviously used to receiving breakfast in-



By Magda de la Pesca

You can win this new Bob Dylan album which Ed. Nimmervoll is reviewing next week.
All you have to do is name the person who co-wrote the smash hit "Hurricane" with Dylan, and co-wrote six more of the nine songs on the album.
Send your entries to "Dylan's Desire" C/o JUKE, 250 Spencer St., Melbourne, 3000. First correct entries win albums.

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vites on giant marrows every second day!

He cast his motherly eye over the invite. Again, as polite as hell, he declined the breakfast offer.

"Sorry, honey. Have to fly off to Sydney to tape a show. How 'about calling back about 5 on Monday?" And slunk off back to bed.

Zap! Contact had been made! Already Zappa was shaping up quite nicely!

★ ★ ★

About 5, Monday July 1, '73, I found myself entering room 308 — a plush red and gold suite with overtones of fake French chateau. Somehow Zappa's All American Hamburger Band image didn't quite fit this decor!

Crosslegged, with the ease of a well-practised Yogi, Frank sat at the head of a huge double bed and noiselessly strummed his guitar. His olive skin and dark colorings seemed to immediately evoke the Mediterranean flavour of the home countries of his Greek and Arabic ancestors.

He mentioned for me to sit on the other end of the bed. He looked quietly amused at the whole procedure. Yet polite as ever. His eyes glowed with a dark, shrewd intelligence. Perhaps a "cheap" interview was going to begin?

"Cheap" was Zappa's favourite word in '73. (Remember it folks — CHEAP!)

To have had an affinity with Zappa in those days you had to understand his concept of "cheapness".

This wasn't all that easy. The enigmatic master mind of the Mothers of Invention handed out clues and left you to piece them together.

"Cheap" didn't necessarily mean inexpensive. Zappa used it as a special term for things which amused him.

One of his favorite instances of cheapness was the idea of a giant rubber spider suspended on a nylon string.

Another instance was the quality of his film "200 motels" — its "cheapness" amused him greatly.

To interview Zappa is to act out a role in the Theatre of the Absurd.

For him, language is absurd. But it's nevertheless an instrument which he plays with zany brilliance. Master of the Non-Committal and Master of the Verbal Challenge.

Here follows a sample of my cheap interview with Zappa:

Q: How would Zappa interview Zappa?
A: He wouldn't
Q: Where do you see your music going?
A: Forwards
Q: What bores you most?
A: Holidays
Q: What would be your happiest experiences?
A: Let's just say I've had some.
Q: How do you find family life?
A: Great

(At that stage I heard a snigger from over by the window. And who should I see sitting there, clad in nought but a bath towel, but a certain local lady of rocksy renown. She was looking, mind you, just a little frayed around the edges!)

Q: As Master of the Bizarre, what would be the most bizarre experience that ever happened to you?
A: Meeting you!
Q: What do you think of Womens Lib?
A: Hilarious in some of its concepts. Why should women agitate to work in conditions such as steel mills where no-one should ever want to work?
Q: Your music is ever-changing. What does it all mean?
A: To understand my music, lay the lyrics of all I ever wrote end to end, and you'll be able to trace a comic pattern.
Q: What's the most amusing (or "cheapest") food you ever ate?
A: Kiwi fruit. Picked one up in LA for 75c. Found it strange, very strange. Cut off the end and freaked out over all those strange little black things inside.

And then there was that restaurant in Paris. Had a pidgeon pie. The pidgeon looked like a truck had run over it and squashed all its bones. And then the waiter came up and sprinkled us all with rosewater.

Talking of food, how'd you like to join me for dinner?

★ ★ ★

Ten minutes later found me in the oh-so-classy, Fake French — and not-so-cheap — restaurant of the Old Melbourne, sitting around a table with Frank, that other lady friend (ho ho!), his manager — and of course, Numar.

"You know," Numar confided in me, "I have a great time being Frank's bodyguard. He and I both dig good food, and we sure do spend most of our spare time sampling it!"

The 'cheap' night was just beginning — well, I guess it wasn't going to be all that cheap (inexpensive) when it came time for Frank to foot the bill!

His first act was to order the most exclusive French wine in the house Chateau

• Continued P.22

The Doobie Brothers
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WORDS RADIO WITH

A review consumer guide by Al Webb.

Anyone out there know how EMI's Harvest label got its name?

Well, here's the true story. About 8 years ago, a local English label was conceived and inaugurated as a haven for the progressive music of the psychedelic years, an outlet for bands that had good local followings but who weren't commercial enough to be recorded elsewhere. Pink Floyd were amongst the early signatories in the label's books.

However, the very first band who signed up, and who gave their name to the label, was Barclay James Harvest. There you are, true history. Since then, though, the band has found it difficult to attract critical approval from rock writers who have been averse to innovations like mellotron and other effects, so BJH, like Pink Floyd, have found it hard to break out into mass acceptance.

Over the eight years the lineup hasn't changed, although they've since left Harvest and gone over to Polydor and a renewed campaign to give them some mass exposure.

The album they've recorded for Polydor should (and better) achieve for BJH what *DARK SIDE OF THE MOON* achieved for Pink Floyd. Called *TIME HONORED GHOSTS*, it includes the same sort of sophistication as Floyd's work, the same wall of sound production, and sweeping, memorable pieces of music and songs that are commercial without ever looking like a sell-out. English music to the hilt, it is, the immediate successor of psychedelic music; and for these things I love it. What you might call simple but immense rock, somewhere between the intelligentsia of Genesis and the futurism of Floyd, and probably more easily accessible than either.

TIME HONORED GHOSTS looks like being an early starter in the Best Album of 1976 race, not the least reason being the excellent Yes-sounding vocals from singer John Lees and others and a beautiful cover painting by Bill Dare. Note this record as the first official unbridled rave of the year.

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Their 'Dark Side'

★ ★ ★

It's been a great week for new releases all round, so my second official unbridled rave of the year is about to be dropped on the great Dave Edmunds solo album, *SUBTLE AS A FLYING MALLET* (RCA).

This Edmunds fellow is remarkable, a one horse race unto himself, or something like that. His history includes spending the years 1968 and 1969 in a newly acquired recording studio after serving time with a one-hit wonder band named Love Sculpture. During those years, he experimented with and effectively mastered the recording techniques and sound characteristics of early sixties rock, the best of which was imported from America at the time, particularly the work of one Phil Spector. Spector specialised in the vast cavernous jangly production sound that scored million seller hits for notables like Ike and Teena Turner, the Righteous Brothers, and (indirectly, because Sonny Bono as a producer was a disciple of Spector's) Sonny and Cher, not to mention lesser names like the Ronettes, the Crystals and Bob B. Sox and the Blue Jeans.

So, after several isolated singles including the No.1 "I hear you knockin'", Edmunds emerged with his initial *ROCKPILE* album, and earned himself the position of being the top rock'n'roll reviver since the real thing. The songs he revives, standards by Chuck Berry and others, aren't just copied or imitated, they're recreated in the true spirit of the original, helped hugely by Edmunds being graced with a natural rock'n'roll singing style and a good rock'n'roll voice.

With *SUBTLE AS A FLYING MALLET*, Edmunds has gone one further than the English version of fifties rock'n'roll on ROCKPILE and has recorded a collection of songs that will probably turn Spector green when he hears them and realises that the student is now a master, especially with the advanced recording techniques (mono to stereo even) Edmunds has at his fingertips that Spector never had.

More than that, Edmunds appears to be responsible for playing all instruments (no credits are given to anyone else) playing them with so much of a buzz for what he's doing that it sounds the nearest thing to a band of topline, eager sessionmen.

The only other way I can try to convey how I feel about this record is to say that when I played it, with a few friends around, we just sat there agape at how incredibly perfect this Edmunds had recreated the famous Spectosound and how full and rich the end result was. The album was playing through the third time before anyone could even speak! (Well, something like that).

This unprecedented laudation is starting to get the better of my better judgement, but Dave Edmunds certainly does represent the classic case of the producer as artist. Also, *SUBTLE AS A FLYING MALLET* is something of a misnomer even though the music isn't actually packed with cosmic philosophy — the skill of Edmunds craft is very subtle despite the apparently simple tunes the songs seem to come out as.

A great dance record it is, too, and an artistically significant one to boot. What more can you ask for.

★ ★ ★

Coming down from all this excitement over two superb releases on atop the other, we get to a third good album that's good on the ear without being one of those rare gems like the above.

The album is *FACE THE MUSIC*, (Polydor), latest offering from English rock-classicists Electric Light Orchestra. (Actually, part of what's made the week so good is that the best of the releases have been from *ENGLISH* bands, undisputed kings of the rock'n'roll on-beat).

SHOWDOWN hasn't been surpassed as ELO's (or mainspring Jeff Lynne's) finest moment, but none of their albums have been a letdown to anyone who likes music with oomph from the Motherland. They clearly are the only group of musicians ever to have successfully wed rock music with standard classical figures (listen to the ELO classic "Roll over Beethoven") and to give cellos a new meaning in life. They've done what the Beatles only hinted at in songs like "Eleanor Rigby" and "Piggies". Violin they use, but it's the throbbing, stomping cellos that are the backbone of the ELO sound. "Nightrider," the big song on FACE THE MUSIC, is a stunning confirmation of the fact.

The best thing about *SHOWDOWN*, though, apart from the refinement of the ELO sound, were the vocals of Jeff Lynne, high and full of energy. But over *ELDORADO*, and now FACE THE MUSIC, Lynne has toned his vocals down somewhat, to the detriment of the rockier tracks but to the advantage of the increasing number of good soft songs "Strange magic" and "One summer dream" stand out head and shoulders on this here album like "Can't get it out of my head" did on ELDORADO.

Probably ELO will suffer a similar fate to Chicago, bringing out a stream of well put together albums, more complex but less aggressive each time, that begin to lose their novelty once the limits of the music have been defined, usually after four or five

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GRAHAM LOWNDES: Innovative

albums. Nothing that follows adds much to what's been, no matter how well it's played. *FACE THE MUSIC* is about as far as ELO can go before that sort of rot begins to set in. Still, I think they're an excellent and clever recording band, and I'm sure that Jeff Lynne must consider his objective virtually achieved with what they've done thus far.

★ ★ ★

SLEEPER OF THE WEEK: This week the award goes to one of the most deserving candidates ever, a chap cast vaguely in the Elton John mould but who goes under his own name of Billy Joel. And he's American.

Actually, that's not entirely fair to Billy, the bit about Elton John, because he's more serious about his music and what it's saying than the extroverted Mr John, writing his own lyrics which are very often about himself and his life and times in showbiz.

The Sleeper award is split between the two albums of his that have been released in Australia. The first is an album that could easily qualify as the Sleeper of All Time Award, called *PIANO MAN*, originally released in 1974 on the Philips label. Since then Joel has gone over to CBS, who are only now about to release the autobiographical title track as a long overdue single.

Bernie Taupin supplies E.J. with lyrics about all sorts of things, mostly imaginary, but Joel's lyrics are all firmly rooted in direct human experience, more often than not his own. *PIANO MAN* had classic songs about the uglier sides of city life in the States, things he had come into contact with and had extrapolated into songs that bear the same sort of conviction as if they'd been autobiographical. "Captain Jack", from *PIANO MAN*, is arguably Joel's greatest song, a song I though was about smack (the rhyme, get it?) until a friend told me he'd seen a bottle of whisky with Captain Jack on the label. No matter, the tedium and emptiness of city living, the need for kicks at all costs, is all beautifully documented in this particular song.

The followup album, the other half of the Sleeper Award, is titled *STREETLIFE SERENADE*, musically similar to *PIANO MAN* but not as lyrically intense, more suburban than inner city. Also, the autobiographical material no longer is about his low days before he became a recording star but about the demands on him as an established performer towards whom audiences have definite expectations. A song called "The entertainer" tells all about that.

Most of Joel's music has the high level of production and arrangement that distinguished Elton John's middle period, *TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION* through to *DON'T SHOOT ME...* The choruses are grand combinations of guitar and keyboards, plenty of build ups and crescendos for additional drama and power, strung onto clearly enunciated low-key verses (for contrast) that don't require the lyric sheet that isn't supplied anyway. Where Joel's music perhaps isn't as sophisticated as E.J.'s, the reality and sincerity of it makes up the difference.

So far Joel's albums have notched up sales one by one as the word moves from mouth to mouth, despite the fact that in the States he's been known to headline his own concerts and tours. But watch out for the "Piano man" single, and maybe even lend an ear to either of these two albums (especially *PIANO MAN*) when you next visit your friendly record man (who probably won't have it in stock, but ask anyway).
(especially *PIANO MAN*)

★ ★ ★

Better-late-than-never Award: I've finally got hold of a copy of Graham Lowndes' second album, *MOUTHMUSIC*, the one that drove him to Western Australia to seek greener pastures after a poor critical response to this, his greatest and boldest project. For Christ's sake, why wasn't this album heralded as the fine album it is?

For starters, the cover graphics are novel and imaginative, aggressively creative even, to quote an academic phrase. A minor point, you say, but nevertheless an exception in an Australian record scene that specialises in mundane presentation of albums.

MOUTHMUSIC makes Graham's first album (*SURVIVAL'S A SONG*, recorded under very straight, uncreative conditions with the Alberts record company) look amateurish, hurried, and unconvincing. On *MOUTHMUSIC* Graham's songs get the right treatment — slide guitars, good blues guitars, the lot, all the genuine instruments that were missing or played down on SURVIVAL. Also, I really couldn't fault the production as some writers have. It's not lavish, but the mix, the tone on voice and instruments, all the essentials of Production, are as good as anyone could have got almost anywhere.

Graham for those who don't know, is a blues-rock player and not a folkie, as the cover of his first album made him out to be. The songs that he writes aren't songs about ideas but songs about simple emotions. Maybe that's where he loses some of his audience, but it's the way he sings the songs, the incredible range of the voice and the different ways he uses it, that the album's all about. I mean, what's mouthmusic if it isn't singing?

This album is not to be treated lightly or brushed off as small-time second rate stuff. Applause to Electric Records for backing Graham Lowndes on one of the better blues-rock albums to come out of Australia, and also for being prepared to be innovative.

A word to Graham Lowndes: have you ever though of getting a Graham Lowndes band together...?

★ ★ ★

NEXT WEEK: Enough of this lavish praise heaped about. A look at some normal releases, mediocre and uninspiring, but with hope filtering through in the form of Paul Simon's *STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS*. Plus Cap'n Rock, who I forgot, until just a moment ago, was supposed to be in this week's batch. The mystery Sleeper persists also.

P.S. A reminder that if anyone's got anything intelligible to comment about any of the items reviewed in RADIO WITH WORDS, be bold and come forward, even if its only to practice your letter-writing technique.

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News Extra

The dominant overall feeling permeating the closed doors from behind the scenes of the AUSTRALIAN MUSIC INDUSTRY seems simply to be the 'SPIRIT of '76'. The industry as a whole is intent on forging 1976 into THE year. Some are entering the new year a little light on, some are obviously prepaired to build, and others shall be intending to go from strength to strength. Never the less the 'SPIRIT of 76' is instilled in all.

The two most exciting acts to launch the 'SPIRIT of 76' will be L'NANE, (a quartet of extremely beautiful and talented young ladies), and TASTE, (a surprise for most).

L'NANE consists of four sisters, Marianne, Patricia, Gabrielle, and Tina L'Nane. (Santa has certainly smiled upon someone for being good last year — or perhaps we all were).

The girls are in the studios at the present time preparing their single for release by the end of January. It's a beautiful and exciting song, and should be a monster hit in all states — heads will certainly be turned. L'NANE's single will be released to coincide with the launching of Phil Dwyer's new Recording Company 'CRYSTAL CLEAR'. MILTON (ex W.E.A. & one of Adelaide's top P.R. men) has been employed for the new Label.

There are lots of surprises in store for all and sundry when TASTE (ex W.E.A.) release their new single towards the middle of this month. The single has already created a great interest, and has provided the problem of not being able to choose an A side.

The tracks are respectively titled — "ROCK & ROLL SUPERSTAR" and "TICKLE YOUR FANCY".

TASTE will be released on the new FABLE Label, which RON TUDOR has instigated a new face lift for. In the process he has employed the services of PHIL GREENOP (ex W.E.A.) one of the countries foremost Record Men.

Ken Murdock, TASTE's rhythm guitarist, singer, and producer, has been praised by Phil as having the "makings of one of the countries top record producers". — Quite a feat for so young.

RON TUDORS favourite artist seems to be one JOHNNY FARNHAM — interesting.

CLIVE SHAKESPEARE could be producing for FABLE RECORDS in the near future.

New Lobby

JOHN BLANCHFIELD is the man behind a second new Record Label for '76.

On the new RAINBIRD Label we shall be hearing the talents of LOBBY LOYD, MANDU, GARY YOUNG AND MICK FETTES new band Bandycoots, NORMIE ROWE, and CASH BACHMANN.

LOBBY'S new Album is not far off, and judging by the time taken to record, it will be something to watch out for. 3KZ it seems is playing LOBBY — thank you BILL PIRNELL.

DOVE's (ex W.E.A.) new Album is charting nationally after only two and a half weeks since it's release — looking good.

Tangs appreciate

ADRIAN ANDERSON from SUNSHINE PROMOTIONS PTY. LTD. has announced expansion plans in the establishment of SUNSHINE ENTERTAINMENT AGENCY. ADRIAN has been given a special credit on the latest EDGAR FROESE, tangerine dream album, and a number of work offers. Overseas recognition is slowly coming our way — the SPIRIT of '76.

No farewells

HOT CITY BUMP BAND have quietly disappeared from the circles of — perhaps a Dallas Brooks for sentimental (and profitable) reasons could have been arranged — still, they have gone now. ROB & CHUCK have already commenced rehearsals for the WIZ. I wonder what the lovely lady will do.

One or two of the remaining guys have joined POWERHOUSE INCORPORATED — who are in Perth, taking it apart.

Hush

HUSH (ex W.E.A.) begin their GYPSY CARAVAN TOUR of the coast in Bega on the 13th of January, and finish at the Myer Music Bowl on Monday the 26th. BILLY THORPE, LITTLE RIVER BAND, AND TED MULRY GANG will also be on the show. (It seems the Bowl is the IN place at the moment).

The Phil Manning Band are splitting again

Another Hugg

BENJAMIN HUGG has departed from home to begin the recording of a new Album at Trafalgar Studios in Sydney. This Album will be released on the WIZARD LABEL.

Wizard Records managing director TONY HOGARTH, (ex W.E.A.) has just left for the States.

The name LANI KAZAINE comes up in association with his trip, but no one is committing themselves.

No ethnic rock

ARMSTRONGS — A.A.V. — seems to be buzzing with activity and enthusiasm, it's almost as though it's the centre of what's happening in Town. — SPIRIT of 76. (Christmas and New Year was celebrated in some sort of Spirit).

ROGER SAVAGE is very influential and instrumental, PHIL GREENOP the spark of enthusiasm and motivation.

AAV's ETHNIC RADIO STATION had a rap across the knuckles from the commercial stations for playing the likes of BILLY COBHAM, LARRY CORIEL, etc. Pity, and rather unjustified in the sense that it is something that they themselves would never play. But still, business will be business.

SEBASTIAN HARDIE are heading back to Melbourne on the 1st February for a week of concert engagements.

Tours

BILLY THORPE (ex W.E.A.) is doing well along the coast — he's still loud they say. AC DC are also bringing the crowds in on their 'LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS' tour around the Victorian Coast. "Lock up your daughters — yes, well!!

AVALANCHE will be entering the recording studios at Armstrongs this week to commence their new single. DON HERRING was heard alive and well over the phone on New Years eve.

FE FI FO FUNK — (The best name in the business), have begun working around town — rumor has it that they've a rather good girl singer and a further rumor purports to imply a certain marriage to a band member from the IKE AND TINA TURNER show — sounds great.

FAT DADDY — those talented outrageous mask clad musical innovators, have been the stars of the Lorne Follies for the past few days, watch for a single.

Reefer record

MIKE ROBERTS is moving onto bigger and better things — as we told you last week. MUSHROOM Records recorded the last two nights of the REEFER, and this will be released sometime soon as an Album, AYERS ROCK, SKYHOOKS, RENEE GEYER, SPLIT ENZ, ETC. are an example of the Artists to be found thereon.

EAGLES

• Cont. from P.12

Soon Randy Meisner was brought out of retirement and all of this new found activcity gelled under the banner of the 'Eagles.'

In fact everything slotted neatly like a jigsaw puzzle, or as Randy once remarked; 'it was real nice the way the band came together. It was like things just had to happen.' (An understatement one might add.)

It was Glenn who suggested the name EAGLES. 'A symbol of freedom and notoriety.' However it was Leadon who founded the musical concepts of the band.

It was he who provided the country and western backbone, that vital link with the roots. The others instilled their own effervescent vocals, swooping low, then jacknifing high over the lead voice. The same harmonic atmospherics and layered textures which gave the Byrds their bubbling buoyancy — That certain teen innocence. The type which is wonderfully characterized on 'Already Gone' from the Eagles 'On the Border.'

'(People) said that you would put me on the shelf; Well I got some news for you and you'll soon find out it's true; so you will have to eat your lunch all by yourself'.

It seems that the hill overlooking Melbourne town may have been the perfect place to listen to this euphonic music. It sure is.

★ ★ ★

The first album still remains the finest. In every way it represents them best. The lilting reflections of 'Peaceful Easy Feeling' to the subterranean depths of 'Take the Devil', over to the butt-shaking 'Tryin'. All these move deftly and each captures a definitive mood in less than four minutes. A compact statement replete with heart-throbbing harmonies. It's enough to turn a good man's blood to wine.

The second album isn't so good. As rock and roll it falls short. Why? It may well have been the over-sugared harmonies or a certain calculated prissiness recalling Crosby, Stills and Nash. In other words the guts had fallen out of it.

The story is set in the old west. The songs tell of the rise and fall of the Doolan-Dalton gang who cleaned up around Kansas in the 1890's. Some of it, like 'Certain Kind of Fool' has great wit.

It tells of a gunslinger's rise to fame and doesn't miss a notch along the way. His life is perfectly chronicled into 3.02 minutes of music. And that's no mean feat.

Unfortunately some of the music misfires. (Note the pun) Mostly it floats somewhere between easy listening, clever engineering and slightly tiresome extrapolations of the theme already compounded in 'Certain Kind of Fool'.

On this album 'Tequila Sunrise' sticks out like an emerald in a black man's ear. Surely one of their finest numbers, it speaks of someone who wakes up in a barroom on the morning after, still bombed out of his skull on tequila. Needless to say this song is not indicative of the others. Mostly they neither hit nor miss. They just sit in lassitude.

However both sides open promisingly. The afore mentioned 'Certain Kind of Fool' and 'Doolan-Dalton' are superb imagemakers. Perfect within the storyline. Then halfway through the side the needle begins to stick. More specifically we have the soppy whimpering of 'Saturday Night'.

A very sad, sad tale. A tear comes to the gunslinger's eye. Heavens! These Daltons were ruthless men. Killers in fact. Listening to this conjures images of them slumped in barroom chairs whinging and sniffling in a communal rap over old love affairs. Yes folks, here we have cut-throat hombres battling it out, tear for tear. Even John Wayne, in all his soppy-patriotism, never reached such depths of mawkishness. All in all this song is pathetically naive. Moreover most of the 'Desperado' album falls short, wading in a wimpoid pool of sound.

'On the Border' is much better. A finer album all round. They've dispensed with the diabetic bed-pans. The emphasis is back on guts. Rumor has it that Glynn Johns, the whizz kid behind the control's wanted them to release a mellower third album. Something further on the lines of 'Desperado'. The band perked up at such a suggestion and Johns was cordially uninvited to the next sessions. In came Bill Szymczyk and out came a thunder-bolt of sound. The guitars became murkier, the beat harsher and the vocals more gut-strung.

The cool clear clarity of earlier releases was injected with a mess of chords and rhythmic thrusts. From the impending lethargy of 'Desperado' to the vitality and urgency of 'On the Border'. The Eagle flavour remains the same only this time the spicing is stronger. It burns more, singing the senses and putting the gringos of 'Desperado' on the run. What's more it recorded their highest sales on the world's cash registers.

Track for track it's worth the price of admission. Take the hardballing 'Good Day in Hell' or the slower paced 'Is It True'. The liquid smooth melody of the latter is carved up by the bitter-sweet urgency of the vocals, asking 'is it true' of an unfaithful lover. Thematically it's beautiful whilst maintaining a good quoin to keep it upstandingly free of saccharine. This is done by a hard-locking inter-mesh of guitars replete with George Harrison melodic figures. An immaculate melody picked with an uncanny smoothness of style: a perfect example of a 'lovelorn' POP song.

With this beefy change we have further prime cuts such as 'James Dean' and 'Best of My Love'. Proving they had more than an esoteric appeal; both were released as singles and both were top ten hits. Two songs culled from ten possible hits. Their ability to sell singles has been a tour de force in crossing into teenage territory.

'One of These Nights' is their latest warrants mention. There is no magnum opus on this album, no number one singles — 'One of these Nights' stands alone as the finest cut.

The entire album has a slick veneer, giving impressions of tiresome, perfunctory musicianship. Just going through the motions, sleep walking for forty minutes. All the album lacks vitality. Something bombed. In the end they strived for perfection and lost out on guts. Moreover 'One of these Nights' contains most of their worst ever material. Have they run dry? Probably. Ultimately time will tell.

For 2½ good albums I can forgive anything. 'One of These Nights, is best forgotten.'

With the Eagles, the spirit of POP still survives. They are a band of integrity on all levels, but the best of it is personified by their performances. For Don Henley and the others dressing up and ridiculous stage theatrics are out of the question. Don opines, 'it seems that for bands like Alice Cooper and the Sweet the music is secondary to the theatre trip. They try to bash everybody with the body first. For us the music comes first'.

The music is born of the grassroots. Their C&W influences have been thoroughly absorbed and what is regurgitated is the purest of POP. In this way they're sincere. This is what matters and this helps make them one of the finest bands in the grand ole opry of country rock.

By Peter Xeni

ZAPPA

• Cont. from P.19

Neuf du Pape — and it just kept on flowing all night. In no time he had the table covered with expensive, exotic dishes.

Tell you the truth, I didn't keep notes on the rest of the evening. It was just too CHEAP! Freakus rarus supremas!

Laughing gas ain't got nothing on that Mad Mother! Those intelligent eyes never missed a trick. That wry humour came flowing out like that vintage French wine!

Zappa's got to be the only person who could play "mine gentleman host", **conoisseur par excellence,** on one hand, and on the other, with the same straight face expound upon the delights of covering a 1701 lb (12 stone) lady with marmelade!

Even the waiters got 'cheaper' as the night bounced on. Tricks like (and I tell you no lie!) standing up high on chairs and pouring flaming brandied coffees from four feet above into the cups! Frank even put his hands together for that one!

After dinner, Zappa invited me to join him and his gang to view 'Monday Conference' on the TV in his manager's suite. As I watched Zappa (in flesh), I saw that he was watching Zappa (in black and white) with intense concentration. And all his disciples were in a hush.

Zappa doesn't believe in wasting words. His only comment when the program finished was that it "Was not 'drab'". (Whatever that meant!) But he later commented that he had been pleased with his exposure on the Australian scene.

Guess it's not so easy to get on the media when most of your records are banned from airplay!

★ ★ ★

So, my mission had been achieved. I'd certainly had that 'encounter with a difference'. After a night of flashes and glimpses of the 'cheap' and clever Frank Zappa, I ended up with a certain insight.

In 1973, I came to suspect that, to Frank Zappa, most people were just like his 'cheap' rubber spiders and that he was the 'Cheap' Magus madly jiggling their nylon strings!

★ ★ ★

So, what's it to be this time, Mother?

SEEN FILM

BY RONDA PLUNE

Black masses, dark satanic rites, runes and rattlesnakes. Well might you ask what all this has to do with racing and motor bikes. But read on.

Obviously it was time for another horror movie. In a super-sophisticated age that pooh-poohs vampires and raspberries at werewolves, our predilection for more credible forms of frighteners like satanists must rear its ugly head yet again.

And that's just what happens in RACE WITH THE DEVIL.

Four happy holiday-makers, PETER FONDA, his wife LARA PARKER, WARREN OATES and that MASH lady LORETTA SWIT set off in their mobile home. They

RACE WITH THE DEVIL
(Esquire M)

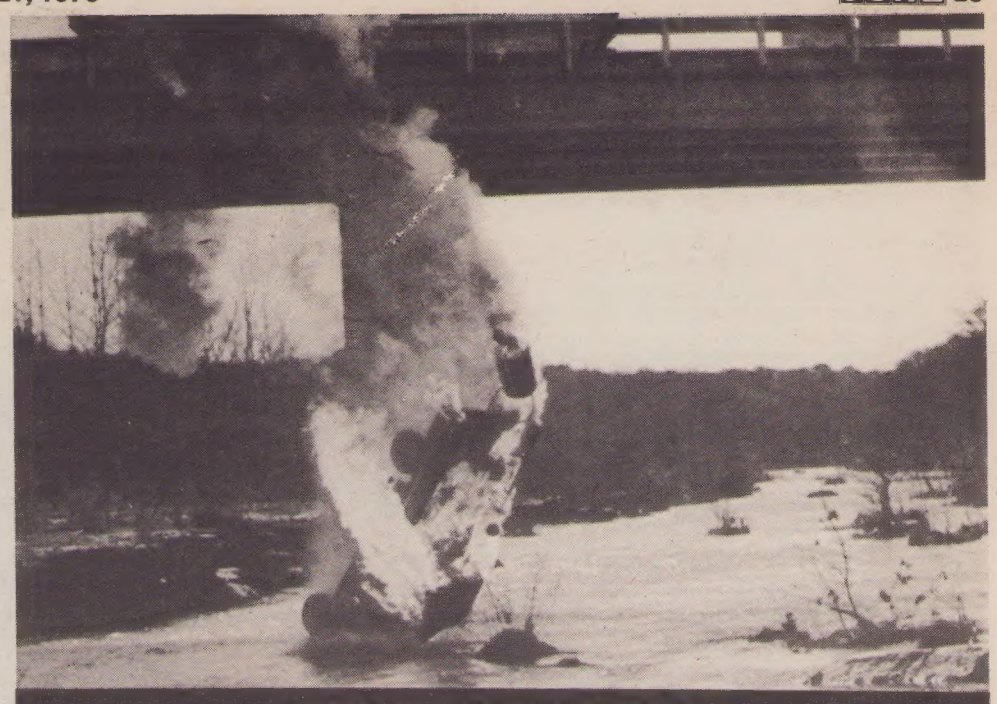
find a secluded spot off the highway to spend their first night.

Their paradise rapidly turns into a nightmarish inferno when the men become witnesses to a ritual murder by a coven of black sorcerers. The local law enforcement seems singularly unimpressed, uninterested and determined to laugh it all away.

A decided lack of co-operation, magical messages and unnerving stares from ogreish inhabitants compound the sinister atmosphere. Troubles are just beginning, of course, and our four central characters spend the rest of the film suffering all sorts of indignities (like rattlesnakes in the kitchen cupboard) and having to contend with some meanies who try to run them off the road.

Although a little far-fetched, the film does succeed in providing a fair amount of tension and excitement. Inevitably there are the two Easy Rider scenes which allow Fonda to show his prowess with a motor-bike but basically they are superfluous to the story. If you turn on to high-speed chases, cars overturning and bursting into flames, then maybe this will be your bag.

(Left to right) Warren Oates, Loretta Swit, Lara Parker and Peter Fonda outside their mobile home.



A satanist comes to a suitably fiery end.

Peter Fonda saying a rather timid hello to a very unwelcome guest.

Two mobile homes almost coming to grief as the satanists attempt to run Peter Fonda and Co. off the road.

Peter Fonda (foreground) and Warren Oates enjoying a trail-bike race before their ordeal begins.

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